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TWENTY YEARS AGO;

A STORY OF REAL LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES.

CHAPTER IX.

THE REPENTANT SINNER.

BRACKETT was left alone in his shop. He knew as soon as Brent had gone that he had deeply erred, and his conscience exaggerated the error into a dreadful sin. It did not pain him that he had endangered his reputation in Buntingville. He felt that he had demeaned himself. In a moment of wrath he had lost all the merit of patient suffering, of heroic submission, of wise forbearance. He had poured on an iron man a tempest of impotent passion and foolish words. This sense of shame that always follows anger, and a shade of which follows all violent excitation of the soul, was, in Brackett, a burning remorse.

"Ugh! I loathe myself. I always knew John Brackett was a fool, but to be such an ass!"

He sat down on his nail-box, hid his face in his hands, and moaned out his spiritual sorrow. He had thought his self-mastery complete. Such years of battle for this self-possession in patience under the whips and stings of life he had undergone, and in vain! The belief in his self-control, and rest

in duty which had filled his soul with a calm that seemed holy, had been a tropic lull of winds, precursor of monsoons. But he had believed the seductive charmer—his spiritual pride—he had spread all sail to catch this slight breath of vanity, and behold, the tempest has driven him in a moment on the coasts of despair! He sits on that nail-box a wreck to himself. Such a rush of shame, remorse, disgust, humiliation, comes over him! As though the waves, not content with destroying the proud ship that rode their summits an hour ago, must in very spitefulness or vengeance pound and beat and hammer the wreck into indistinguishable fragments.

The man sat there, hugging his sorrow, struggling with his despair, wrestling with the angel of hope, till his lips grew white, his brow ashen, and his face damp with cold sweat. Low moans, which were wordless prayers, issued from the unmoving lips. John Brackett was before himself and God in awful repentance. Perhaps both accused the sinner; but he, infinitely more than God, poured out reproach. The All Just reckoned the temptation, and knew the sinner's frailty.

The sinner himself reckoned neither. Like Saint Paul, he could say, "*Sin revived and I died.*" As an autumn frost crisps in a night the green leaves of the forest, as a tornado blots out harvests and homes and villages in a moment, as with the breath of the nostrils of the Almighty, SIN, revived, full of lusty life, smote the fair fabric of the sinner's steadfastness and purity, and lo! it was gone.

The man's whole soul was in that humiliation. His whole body shared in that mortification. It was a sinner repenting. He was left alone. If one had entered he might hardly have noticed the sufferer coiled together in the remote corner of the low shanty. But none came. Who wanted to see John Brackett that day? His sorrow had free course, and was at last glorified.

Rocking himself to and fro in the conflict of his soul, the hours sped by. At last the clutch of pain relaxed, and his heart lightened as the hills when sunrise tips their summits. This was a fairer dawn—the rise of Faith on the landscape of a repenting soul.

Unspeakable peace and confidence! Wondrous morn of hope! Strange passage from death unto life! Surely the great Helper, in unwonted kindness, undid altogether the burden He usually helps us to bear, and left the weak one to walk without his load.

John Brackett went out of his shop weak and humble. Fasting and agony had made him weak; repentance had clothed him with humility.

We are looking at Brackett from his own standpoint. He who has not known such spiritual sorrow may sneer at such agony, born of such slight deviation from propriety. Another may see in his anger at Brent only just resentment, and may regret that his hammer had not descended on the obdurate speculator. But the tempest in Brackett's soul was real, and had a cause. He had outraged himself, though he had not outraged Brent. If he had rolled the speculator out of the shop and kicked him sound-

ly when there, no injustice would have been done to Brent. But any attempt at playing the executioner was, in Brackett, an effort to brutalize a soul strung to the finest spiritual accords.

He had attempted a language he had never learned. He could not rave in the round, sonorous, brawny rhetoric of coarse men, whose logic carries clubbed epithets, and has every loose end of the argument pinned up with a damn.

Brackett entered the next day on a new and painful life. His popularity and influence in Buntingville had come unsought and unexpected. This regard had surprised him, but it had been all the more pleasant for the surprise. He would have shunned the responsibilities this esteem created. No place-seeker, he would have preferred no other duty than the honest earning of his bread and the humble use of an humble influence. He would have said any day, and thought it his sincere feeling, "I could wish people thought less of me." But it is one thing to feel that the respect of one's fellows is burdensome, and it is quite another thing to feel that this respect is lost by no fault of our own, and that we are left under baseless suspicion.

If Brackett could have dropped out of Buntingville regard as easily as a stone drops to the bed of the stream, probably he would have felt keenly the loss of deference. For there is nothing of which the soul is so avid as praise, and those feelings in others which prompts it. It is a dish whereof when one has once tasted he must eat daily, or dine unsatisfactorily. Let us hope there is somewhat celestial in an appetite that, once awakened, can only increase.

But John Brackett had *not* dropped silently out of Buntingville regard. He was foundering in a storm—an idle storm—but still a storm. When the winds got loose without the knowledge of Neptune, they made not less havoc of the ships of Eneas than if Jupiter himself had given them loose

reins. So, though a popular tumult may have no business to be, its fervor and virulence are the same; or, to select a fitter figure, whoever knew a base-born cur to bark humbly in remembrance of his ancestry?

This trial was greater than he could have believed. He had been unconsciously leaning on the prop now so suddenly taken away. The vigor of his arm, the brightness of his complexion, the buoyancy of his spirits, had been produced by the stimulus of Buntingville praise. It were hard to tell whether the humiliation at having loved the food, or the famishing at its lack, was the greater trial.

This loss of favor with the villagers he might have borne with less pain, if it had not come just when he was tortured by a re-awakened and hopeless passion. It needed but one thing to make it a crushing calamity, and that came in its being linked with that very love. A new complication threatened. Our hero had gotten the enmity of masculine Buntingville by an outrage upon Interest; the crinoline citizens had a more classic wrong—"the injury of their slighted grace." Could they forget that John Brackett might have selected the fairest daughter of the oldest settler? And he had laid his heart at the feet of that *baby* from Connecticut! Booty and Beauty made common cause. For there was no maiden but had her grief, no mother without her indignation. The wrong was universal precisely because it could not be particular. None could advance any claim to be offended, and the arena was open for all.

The danger was that this foolish story should come to the ears of the Johnsons—of Mary herself. There was just enough truth in it to make it the last thing Brackett would have wished Mary to hear. Something must be done. The blacksmith sauntered listlessly into the street, hoping that a resolution might be suggested by a walk. The first man he encountered was Fence, with a "dissolution of part-

nership" in his hand. The poor 'Squire had found great difficulty in bringing himself "to do his duty." He softened the blow, to his own thinking, by generously offering to give Brackett his note for the balance due him on the books, when that should be ascertained.

All this did not move the blacksmith. He knew Fence, felt the littleness of the revenge, and rather rejoiced in deliverance from a duty to be done in Buntingville. He would at least be free to go when he chose.

In half an hour the notice of dissolution, written in a fair round hand, every word beginning with a capital,—a *chef d'œuvre* of the 'Squire—was posted over the closed shop door, and perused by the satisfied citizens.

Brackett wended his way up the street, passing here and there citizens, who went by on the other side with averted faces, or bowed coldly. He met, at length, Simpson who had just returned after a week's absence from the village. Simpson met the blacksmith with his wonted cordiality, rallied him on his dejection, and assured him the storm would blow over in a week.

"But tell me, old fellow, is it true that you are engaged to the girl? For if you are, you can snap your fingers in their faces."

"No. It's not true, Simpson, and that is what hurts most. I am afraid the silly story will get to her ears, and that they will make her believe that I told it first, ridiculous as it is."

"Not so ridiculous, after all. The girl has the four B's—Blood, Beauty, Breeding, and Bullion. I would n't mind such a wife myself. I have never seen her, but I would wade in on common report and common envy."

"I do n't mean," interposed Brackett, "that she is not good enough for anybody; indeed, I think her surpassingly charming. But of such presumption as to dare to seek her, I am not capable."

"Now there's your cursed modesty

again. Do you suppose a girl often gets a chance to marry such a saint as you are? And I tell you what, if I wanted to marry, I'd rather have your piety than all the money I am supposed to have. Do n't blush, now. Women have a passion for the saints. I'm always vexed with a preacher who fails to marry well. Lord! he has the pick of the flock."

"Do you ever despair of your own prospects? Or do you speak from some painful experience?" said Brackett, provoked to raillery.

"No. The fact is, my style takes too. An audacious sinner is almost as good a card as a minister. Women like a fellow to be at one pole or the other. Besides, I had some Homer whipped into me at school; and I have always thought Helen rather liked being carried off by Paris."

"I do n't see the point," said Brackett.

"I mean just this: that we sinners make up in boldness what we lack in attractiveness. We carry them off in a moral sense, as Paris did Helen literally. Though I suspect that the gay dog did both."

"I wish you would marry, Simpson, and settle down into a sober life. You would then leave off your rowdy ways. You could n't refuse it to a wife, you know."

"I never employ doctors who do n't take their own medicine," said Simpson, gayly, and went off down street, singing an election song, with the chorus

"Jordan am a hard road to trabel, I believe."

Brackett next encountered Johnson, who greeted him with more than his usual cordiality. This cheered the blacksmith more than anything else — always excepting a smile from Mary — could have done.

"I have just had an interview with our dear Brother Brent," said Johnson; "a very delightful, cordial, heart-cheering affair. How magnetic the man is! He makes you at ease, happy, by his irresistible good humor."

"That is to say," said Brackett, "he chills you like an iceberg, shuts up your mouth by his silence, and throws you entirely off your balance by his admirable way of doing nothing at all."

"Exactly. Just that. If I had to choose between riding a hundred miles with him alone on one of your prairies and a year of prison work, I would take the latter, every time. The man would not rob or murder me, but he would freeze me up so tight that Cuba would n't thaw me."

"Please do n't say anything more about Cuba. But you have heard of my dissolution with Fence, I suppose?"

"Yes. Our good Brother Brent gave in about twenty words a whole history of a very religious and peaceable war down among you 'people.' It was very edifying, very. But come up to our room — I dare not say rooms, for I respect the truth almost as much as our dearly beloved Brent."

"No, excuse me to-day. I am not very well, and a little upset, too."

"Well, well! You are always welcome. Come to-morrow, then."

"But before we part, Mr. Johnson, tell me whether I have done anything, or said anything, to give you suspicion of ill motives in my conduct towards you. This concerns me deeply."

"In the first place, Brackett, you never did but one thing that I did not ask you to do — the snow-bank affair, you know! In the second place, I am thoroughly satisfied with you, and there are not Brents enough in the State — though there could be but one — but if there were a thousand, they could not shake my good opinion of John Brackett. Now, please take that once for all. I do n't like to repeat my creed every Sunday; it always seems to me to imply that I might have changed my mind. Now, once for all, I believe in John Brackett. That must answer for a lifetime. I hope you are satisfied?"

"Delighted. This pays for the damage done by the storm. I think I never was happier in my life."

"Well, if that is the effect of saying my creed, I will take to mouthing every day, if you like; but really, I think you overestimate the value of it. What are you going to do? You are one of those fools that will let nobody help them, or I would give you a lift."

"I have no plans yet."

"Well, I have. I am going to Patriot City to live until a house can be built on my farm. I start to-morrow. Come up and take tea with us this evening, and tell me what you shall have resolved in the meanwhile."

And giving Brackett no time for an acceptance or refusal, Johnson dropped the hand he had been holding and walked back to his hotel.

At the hour of "tea," the Johnsons received this note:

"I find myself too much indisposed to accept your kind invitation. Excuse my failure, and may blessings attend you.
J. B."

"So he does not even come to bid us good bye," said Mary, with a pretty pout. "What a naughty John he is!" And in the press of other thoughts and cares, the hurry of packing, the difficulty of finding one whole carriage and two horses with four legs each, the crowding in of disinterested friends to say farewell to "our dear friends," John Brackett slipped out of notice, and, to his great joy, escaped a call from Johnson.

Brackett was not ill; he was completing his repentance. The kindness of Johnson had stirred his hopes into life, and Love came back to charm and torment him. That night completed his self-renunciation. In manifold bitterness, and with countless struggles, he laid it away among the dead. The next day he went forth to a new life, whose sources and support were of the world unseen. And they were sufficient for his utmost need.

At the foot of the hill on which Buntingville stood, and on the south side of the stream across which we travelled in the first chapter of this

story, in the edge of a grove which deepened presently into a wood, extending for miles east, west, and south, stood a deserted log-cabin. It had once been the "residence" of a brickmaker, who, failing, had taken to the prairie and left his habitation desolate.

This brickmaker was a German, a stout, square-faced, honest fellow, with whom the world did not thrive half so well as his family. A new baby arrived every year, and a cow or a horse or a wagon disappeared about as often from his yard, these pieces of portable property going to pay debts.

Brackett, pleased with the man's cheerfulness, which was never clouded, and pitying his misfortunes, had shed his horses and mended his plough without hope of pay, and thereby won the good Teuton's heart.

The first man Brackett encountered the morning after his night of repentance, was Teuton, who had the whole story of the battle and its results, and his own plan for "making a stand."

"Dere ish mine gabin, John, mine very goot friend; you dake him. You shoe horses goot. De farmers care notings about de Brents. Dey stop down at mine goot friend Brackett's shop. You see it ish one very goot plan."

Brackett accepted the generous offer. The lonely place pleased him. He did not wish to make new voyages of discovery, and though the cabin was only a half mile from the centre of Buntingville, it was as perfectly isolated from the village by the intervening hill as though it had been located ten miles away. Honest Teuton's plans for Brackett were no better conceived than those he made for himself. The new shop had few customers, and Brackett found the strictest economy necessary to enable him to live. The sum due from his old business was turned into food and clothing, and soon exhausted. Then Simpson came to the rescue, and lent him some credits (orders on the store), by which aid he managed to subsist for the following eighteen months.

CHAPTER X.

RETROSPECT.

John Brackett's settlement in his new abode opened before him another phase of his life. In a month he had described a cycle. A whole period of his history begun and ended in these few days. It was natural that he should put himself under new restraints, make new and solemn vows of perpetual burial of that which, whether he buried it or not, was the most vital part of his life. The chief barrier to success in his well-meant effort to suppress himself, was that his despair, like his love, was wholly confined to his own breast. Had Mary refused him? No. Was she unkind? No. Was there aught of which he could accuse her? No. His heart's peerless queen forever allured, charmed, and inspired his affection. A love declared and refused may not die, but a refusal is generally a *coup de grace*. Let us confess it: A passion loses something of its sacred fire in the declaration. It is degraded by a battle with the less noble sentiments—pride offended, shame awakened, fear of exposure to less sacred eyes than the dear one's. But a love undeclared, imprisoned in a sensitive soul, encouraged by kindness in its object, REIGNS.

It is not strange, then, that as we peep in at the little four-paned window of Brackett's "parlor," we find him at work upon that very history which he had a thousand times resolved to forget. He is recording those passages of his life which are beautiful to him because she is there.

Let us copy his retrospect. We shall find in it some characters who have to do in the future of our story.

It is over, then! That delicious dream which has enthralled my senses and my soul, is broken. Could we but sleep and dream forever. Why has life realities and duties—hard, rough bonds—that chafe while they fetter the spirit? Why should happiness be found only in the dreams of sleep, or

the more baseless illusions of our waking hours? Each of us has but a drop of bliss; one finds it in dream, another in illusion. Why should I complain? I have *drunk*, drank deep of the goblet of Joy. Why complain that the cup contained no more? I have been *happy*; so sublimely happy have I been that it should suffice me and console me. The very remembrance of it is sweeter than life's common wine.

But these realities crowd out of view the fair retrospect. May I not lose this joy of my life? Will not the vision of beatitude grow dim in the atmosphere of daily care? Will not the delight depart and leave only that sorrowful brother, Pain? Let me secure myself against that danger. While I confide to this faithful paper my story, I shall imprison the memory of what I prize most, and often perusing it I shall keep it warm and bright forever! No. That must not be. I shall play the fool again if I but see her there. No. I must bury my Caesar. This be the tomb.

It is no matter when I first saw her. I cannot endure any chronology in this story. She used often to pass my shop on her way to the village school. A merry girl, she would sometimes look in, and repeat with a childish voice some portions of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith." And then she would regret that I had no family to make the comparison perfect.

"How naughty you must be, Mr. Brackett, not to have a wife, or to have had one, and a daughter singing in Paradise." I'm sure you're old enough." And away she ran with her young companions.

Time went by. Books were my solace and companions. A friend, now gone from among men, left me a rich legacy in the choicest works of the choicest souls.

A fruitful river flowed past the village of M. From its source in the mountains far down towards the sea, it loitered on its way to turn the busy wheels and spindles of men. It seemed to

do all this, not as a chained prisoner, or even as a detained traveller, but in fullness of freedom and charity, of its own sweet will. Not degraded by its office, not disenchanted by its prosaic work, it rolled blithely by, like a human heart going through life with all the freshness and beauty of youth, while gathering up the dutifulness of manhood and the wisdom of age. My river had kept all its virgin charms and gotten a staid matronly grace. To me, the ancient Naiads swam in the crystal waves, though a half hour before they had dashed over a dam, and in another half hour would cause to play with a gigantic wheel.

To me, this stream is more classic than the Tiber, the Arno, or the Rhine. For in my strolls along it I have crowned its banks with all that ever graced those famous streams. Here are all the castles of the Rhine, the sweet valleys, and fair Florence, city of flowers, that bedeck the sides of the Arno; and, on seven hills, sits an old Rome, and a marble wilderness, witnesses for "yellow Tiber." I have studied the topography of these Old World streams, to locate aptly my cities and towers and ruins. I carefully excluded all the dirt and wretchedness of the real rivers. Here only grace and sweet imaginings have place. I had purified for myself just so much of the world.

There were borderings of wood-crowned hills and slopes where one could find solitude, though the distant hum of wheels could not be utterly excluded. One of these had become my favorite resort. The seclusion enticed me much. I fear, too, that the neighborhood of Mary's residence was more attractive than it ought to have been. Her father's land ran down to the river; the residence stood a quarter of a mile in the rear, on the public highway. I had become a lover, but did not dare to use, even to myself, the name.

It was a day in June. Cloudless heavens, blue skies, fair waters, the

voice of birds, the bloom of flowers, attracted me away from my work an hour before sunset. That favorite spot was soon found, and in reverie I whiled away the remainder of the sunlight. The twilight deepened gradually into the paler glory of the round full moon, and I sat on the bank musing in a deep content of body and soul.

As I sat, the splash of oars came to my ears, but in a dreamy way in harmony with my mood. Gradually the sound grew more distinct; and then other sounds—the hum of voices—reached me. One of these voices I knew too well—the child tones of her who was now become a woman, but retained this token of the freshness and guilelessness of her soul. I roused myself and began to think. They were two. He was a stranger in the village, of whose occasional visits at Farmer Johnson's I had become jealously aware. He was a man who always seemed to me brutal, but I could never select the brute on whom I could fasten the odium of comparison. I knew casually that he had encountered Mary and her father in a hotel at Boston, some months before, and what purpose he had in seeking them out my jealous heart divined. He was a man about thirty years of age; he had been, in early youth, well-favored, tall, and stout. The mould for a woman's hero had been impressed upon him by nature; this he had preserved in all but one important particular: the corruption of his soul had found utterance in his face. The expression of it I cannot put into words. All his art and polish and address could not bide it from me, and I believe all men felt it and all women were stained by it. I do not mean that they knew of this bad influence over their souls; I only feel sure that he held it. None could talk with him without a painful abatement of purity. Children shunned him by the advice of their "angels, who do always behold the face of their Father."

Mary could not love him; I knew

that, and yet I feared that she might marry him. He had sailed, he said, all seas, and travelled all lands; he had the air of wealth, though he seemed to have neither friends nor home that he dare acknowledge. I had a hundred times cursed the fate that disqualified me from unmasking the bad man.

As I listened to their voices, now again receding, the boat came out into a broad belt of moonlight which fell on the stream from between two clumps of trees on the other bank. As the reality of the situation came upon me, I remembered that not far away there lay a rapid over which only a skilful boatman could safely pass. I knew Ross to be a good boatman, but I saw that, engaged in an earnest conversation, he had dropped his oars, and the boat was drifting full on a large rock that lay with its face just out of the water, on the very brink of the rapid.

I am ashamed that delicacy made me delay a moment to give warning. In that moment the boat struck the rock, was sheered round by the waves, and overset with its side full against the current. The boat glided swiftly away in the eddy, bottom upwards, and the passengers went out of sight. I took in the situation at a glance, rushed down the bank, and, plunging in, swam towards the lower point of the rapid. I reasoned that, though battered and bruised by the rocks, the body of Mary would be found there if I could but gain the point in time.

I was successful. I caught the limp and apparently lifeless form, and bore it to land. She seemed to be dead. O, God! what an end! I turned, in the hope of succor, to look after her companion. I did not doubt that he had cared for himself. There he stood on the rock which had wrecked the boat. He called to me to tell him how to get on shore. At first, thoroughly angry with him for his former carelessness and present indifference, I told him to swim as I had done.

"Yes, yes, my hearty, that's all very

well to say. But I don't know the reckoning, and you do."

"The worse fool you," I replied, "for taking this delicate girl into a river where you are a stranger! But if you do n't want to kill her outright, come and help me, quick. She has fainted, perhaps is killed."

"Yes; I'll relieve you of your charge," and he plunged into the water and swam ashore. He came up carelessly; felt coolly of her pulse, declared that she was not hurt, and then looked carefully at me.

"You're the blacksmith on Winter street, are n't you?"

"Yes; but let us get the girl off home. She may die if we do not succor her."

"The girl is in no danger, and I have made my fortune. Now, Mr. Anvil, what shall I pay you for your trouble—with the little proviso that you are not to mention your part in this affair?"

Disgusted with the man's meanness, I lifted my hand as if to strike him for his insolence at that hour.

"Ah, you are there, are you?" said Ross; and in an instant he felled me to the earth with a slungshot. When I came to myself, they were gone. Though I thought that I fathomed his purpose, and believed Mary to be safe, I hurried home, weak and faint as I was, to send a boy to enquire after her safety. I could not confess my part in the scene of her wreck and deliverance. The pretended savior was a rival, and had only to deny my agency to make me seem ridiculous.

My messenger brought me the whole story of her fall into the water, with a supplement of the heroic exertions of Ross to save her, as recounted by himself. Mary "was revived, but badly bruised," and must be confined to her bed for some time. In the confusion created by the accident, and the rush of friends who had heard of it, my solicitude excited no remark. Ross divined my secret, and knew that I could not make claim to a part in the

rescue. I had the mortification to read in the village paper a circumstantial account of the affair, in which Ross's carelessness or guilt was cloaked by his ignorance of the stream, and my part in the rescue was taken by the adventurer.

My native village had become distasteful to me. Ross was every day at the farm-house. He strutted in the garments that I might have worn, and doubtless hoped a great reward for his heroism. I believed Mary would not repay such a deed with her hand where her heart was not, but I feared.

"At all events," I said, "I cannot hope"; and I hurried away from the town in disgust and despair. My wanderings cost me my earthly all. I came here poor and friendless. I am still both. But I have strangely met Mary, and I am confident she has not favored Ross. What wonder that my love has blazed out fiercer than before—a passion now that threatens to consume me? But even this will, *must* pass away.

The following letters, written by Miss Mary shortly after the events related by Brackett, will help us to finish this retrospect. Her correspondent, Miss Kate Bradshaw, has kindly furnished them for our story.

M—, July 24, 185—.

MY DEAR KATE:—You reproved me with neglect. How little we often know of the reasons why people *seem* to neglect us! You thought I neglected you, when I could not even sit up in bed, much less answer your letters. Now there is a nice bit of a text for a sermon. You must preach it, you serious little Puritan; and if John Savage should ever need it, give him the benefit of the application. Now, I see you are all impatience to know what I mean. "*You sick, Mary?*" I imagine you saying. Yes, my dear, I have been sick—or at least (to stick to the truth), I have been confined to my bed three whole weeks. I assure you, Kate,

it is a nice little romance. But you wonder how being in bed can be romantic. Now, if it were one of your humdrum sicknesses, that helped you over so many hard lessons at school, there would be precious little to be told. You know, though, that I never could manage to make Mother Goose believe I had your complaints. I am sure you will not suspect me of it. The romance, my dear, was not in being in bed; that part of it was prosy enough. It was in getting there. You are breathless with impatience; and I shall pay you for that naughty word "neglect," by telling my story very deliberately.

You remember what I told you about Bernard Ross, the fellow whom we met at Boston. I want you to remember, too, that I told you I did not like him a single bit. Are you sure you remember that? Well, I did *not* like him, whether I told you or not. It was rather nice, though, to have so gay a gallant, if for nothing else but to make the other girls in the village envious; and just because I half hated him, I let him attend me, and say foolish things, and do foolish things. "For shame," you say; "you a coquette, Mary?" No, my dear; but you must distinguish a little. I knew that I could not hurt this fellow, and that he could not hurt me. Do you see my point? He had no heart to lose, and I was sure of mine when he was by. It was nice to have such a stick. He ran of errands like a spaniel, and, in short, was a good sort of slave to me. I never played the tyrant so delightfully, not even when I had *you* for a subject, as in those three weeks before my sickness. To be sure, I began to get tired of it, and a little afraid of him. I hardly dare tell you, Kate, what occurred to me at last, and made him odious. I began to notice an influence in his presence that came tight around me, and I could not throw it off when he was here—a something which made me think of bad things with more complacency than I usually do.

One night last June—the 28th of June—(I shall not soon forget the date), he took me out for a row on the river at Smithson's. It was just sunset when we got into the boat. He promised to land in half an hour, so that I could get home before dark. When we got out into the stream, I began to see he had something on his mind, and I resolved that he should n't get it off that night, at least; and that, once ashore, I would keep clear of the fellow. So I joked and teased him until it got dark, and the moon rose. Then I told him that he had broken his promise, and must hurry me home, or I should not like him one bit. Then, Kate, the fool took up that unfortunate banter of mine, threw down his oars, and got it off—his mind, you know.

I was vexed at his having beaten me and got a chance to say it that night; so I just told him in good round Yankee that I thought him a fool, and would never marry him, or anybody else that asked me in that way. He would not take the hint, and wanted me to "teach him how to ask my love"—the gosling!

That made me serious. I can assure you, Kate, I quite preached on the subject, and, in short notice, forbade him ever to talk to me in that way again.

He replied angrily, and showed to my entire satisfaction, and disgust, too, that he did not love me.

"Now," said I, "Mr. Ross, if you have finished this little performance, put me ashore, and I will go home to my mother!"

Just then the boat struck a rock, and sheered round. I was frightened; and looking towards the shore, I saw a man standing there with his hands up, as if to warn us. It was too dark to see who it was; and in a second we went over into the water. I just remember seeing Ross climbing upon the rock, as the current whirled me past it; and then I lost all knowledge for—I do n't know how long.

When I came to myself, Ross was

standing over me and saying all manner of soft things. That stirred me up so much that I got up and told him to take me home. You won't believe me, but I did walk all the way home; and then found that I was so horribly bruised that it has taken me three weeks to get well again.

I soon found that Ross had made everybody believe that he had saved me. "And did he not?" you say? Not a bit of it, Kate. I *know* that cannot be; but I would give—my hand, if he were a good fellow—to know who did; yet I do n't dare to tell anybody what I think. Now, Ross did *not* try to get me on the rock, but put his own precious self up there. Then, I saw the man on shore; and I believe he did save me. I have not told you all my evidence. I found on my neck a red silk handkerchief when I started to walk home; and I have taken precious good care of it. Ross always carries white handkerchiefs. When I got well enough, I cross-examined him to learn if he ever carried colored ones, and whether he knew anything about this one. I assure you, I took good care he should not know what I meant. He says he detests a red handkerchief, and that gentlemen never carry them.

Now, my Kate, here is a romance for you. You may laugh at my folly; but I tell you, I am sure this red rag, as Ross would call it, belongs to the man I saw, and that he saved me.

When I got well enough to be in the parlor part of the day, Ross, who had hung round to get his pay, renewed his suit. I was obliged to be very nice and proper; but I told him I was grateful for all his kindness, but did not, and could not, love him.

What do you think the fool did then? Why, you could never guess! He coolly told me that the life he had saved belonged to him, and much more nonsense. I replied that I had read that a debt of gratitude was cancelled when the creditor demanded payment, and wished him a good day. I learn that he has left this village; and I

heartily hope never to see his face again.

Write, my dearest Kate, and beg pardon for your last. If you agree with me about the silk handkerchief—I assure you it is silk—I shall freely grant you absolution.

Your affectionate

MARY.

The second letter is from Buntingville, to the same person.

Buntingville, Jan. 30, 1855.

MY DEAR KATE:—So you are married before me! I ought to be glad that Savage has come round, and that my little preach last June helped you to hook the divinity student. I *ought* to be glad, but I *can't*. I have been frozen up for a week. I am writing with ink that was frozen solid an hour ago; and I am afraid—almost in hopes—you cannot read this scrawl. I will tell you about this town—or prairie—next summer, when I get warm. They *say* summer comes here. I hope so!

You ask about "my deliverer from a watery grave." You mock me, Kate; but it is very serious. I have made no discoveries. All I could learn at M—, was that the poor blacksmith, Brackett (a good friend of father's), used sometimes to stroll down the river where we upset; and that very few people ever passed that way. I shuddered to think what Ross might have intended, when I came to know how lonely the place really was

I found out that Brackett had sent a boy to enquire about me that night, after I got home; but, as many others did the same, it proves nothing. I watched all the young men, to see who carried red handkerchiefs; but they all had white ones. Brackett went off to Cuba, and I found out nothing to relieve my curiosity.

Two days ago we arrived here. We stuck fast in a snow-bank in front of the hotel; and this same Brackett took Ma and me out, and carried us into the house. You will laugh, Kate; but I assure you, as soon as I saw him, I noticed that he had a red silk handkerchief tied loosely round his neck. He seemed to have taken it from his pocket, in his haste to help us, and put it on, for lack of something warmer. At any rate, he picked me out of the snow-bank; and if it should prove that he also picked me out of the river, who knows what might happen? I think he is better-looking than he used to be; and he seems to be quite an oracle in the town.

Now, Kate, I have said that to keep you from saying something like it. My deliverer could not have been this blacksmith; but I long so much to know who I am to thank for a great service, that I reason badly; or rather, as Professor Anatomy used to tell us, like a woman.

But I am *so* cold that I must bid you good-bye, asking you to write soon and often to

Your affectionate

MARY.

D. H. Wheeler.

SOME CALIFORNIA SAVAGES.

IN Russian River Valley, from Healdsburg southward for about fifteen miles, live the remnants of a tribe called by the Spaniards Gallinoméros, a branch of the great Pomo family, whose *habitat* is co-extensive with Russian River Valley, the region about Clear Lake, and the habitable coast from Usal Creek to Bodega. What their vernacular name was, neither the Chief, Ventura, nor his Cardinal Woolsey, Andres, though both are quite intelligent, can now recollect, if they ever knew. It is a good instance of that moral feebleness and abdication of the California Indians, which accepts without question any name the pale-face bestows, and adopts it instead of their own. Their mountainous neighbors, the Ashochémies, have a rather more honorable reason for accepting from the Spaniards *their* name (Wappos), for it was given to them by the latter when smarting under the terrible whippings which they used to suffer at the hands of that valorous tribe. From the fetishism prevailing in Russian River Valley generally, and from certain analogies presented by vicinal tribes, I am inclined to think the Gallinoméros were named after some species of birds, owls or hawks, to which they paid a kind of worship, as to devils who were to be feared and propitiated. At any rate, the early Spaniards named one of their great chiefs Gallina (a cock), from whom the tribe derives its present title.

As with most of the aborigines in that valley, their social and governmental organization is patriarchal, and the chiefship hereditary, though the functions of that office are nebulous. The remnant of them now living a little way below Healdsburg, occupy one great wigwam, twenty or thirty together, Ventura with his subjects, on the most democratic equality. This wigwam is in the shape of the capital

letter L, made of slats leaned up to a ridge-pole, and heavily thatched. All along the middle of it the different families or generations have their fires, while they sleep next the walls, lying on the ground underneath fine rabbit-skin and other less elegant robes, and amid a filthy clutter of baskets, dogs, large conical-shaped baskets of acorns stacked one upon the other, and all the wretched trumpery dear to the aboriginal heart. There are three narrow holes for doors, one at either end, and one at the elbow.

They are nearly black, Ventura being the blackest of all; and on a warm sunny day in February, when he is chopping wood briskly, his cuticle shines like that of a Louisiana field-hand. The nose is moderately high, straight, and emphatic, with thick walls, and ovoid or nearly round nares; lips rather thick and sensual; forehead low, but nearly perpendicular with the chin; face rounder and flatter than in the Atlantic Indian; eyes well-sized and freely opened straight across the face, with a sluggish but foxy expression; color varying from old-bronze or liver-brown, almost to black, though an occasional freckled face and sparse whisker betray a touch of Castilian blood in the veins. They live on the land of a good-natured farmer, and do occasional small services in the field in return for casual fitches of dubious bacon, baskets of specked apples, cast-off clothing, and the like. These and the contributions of the neighbors eke out their stock of salmon and acorns, and enable them to live in considerable affluence. In the matter of providing for the casual necessities of the patriarchal household, Ventura is worth all the dozen or so of his male subjects; and he demonstrates daily his right to the chiefship by chopping wood, breaking mustangs, fishing, and otherwise playing an altogether manly

part. Their small dogs are fat and churlish, and themselves look well fed — their black-brown faces shining out oleaginous from amid their tatters. Whiskey is interdicted by a wise and humane statute, which is generally obeyed; and they appear to dwell together in great tranquillity, dozing away their vacuous lives from day to day in the sun, and calmly brushing off the flies. The California Indian has a negro's fondness for the sunshine.

But the men provide all the wood needed in the scullery, and bring it in; neither are they sluggards in this matter, at all. I have seen Ventura and two or three of his right-hand men chopping lustily on a warm February day, until the perspiration rolled in great drops down their grave, dark, furrowed faces. Sometimes they have two or three cords of firewood neatly stacked in ricks about the lodge. Yet even then, with the heartless cruelty of the race, they will dispatch an old man to the distant forest with an axe; and you shall see him returning, with his white head painfully bowed under a backload of knaggy limbs, and his bare, bronzed bow-legs moving on with that cat-like softness and evenness of the Indian, but so slowly that the poor old creature scarcely seems to get on.

Strange mingling of cruelty and generosity! Give the Chief a handful of buns on Christmas, or a bottle of Bourbon — of which they are most covetous and stingy — yet will he distribute to all a portion, making his own no larger than any other.

These Indians walk more pigeon-toed than those on the Klamath, near the Oregon line, at least in old age; for in Northern California they plant their feet nearly as broadly as Americans. All California Indians emit an offensive odor, as peculiar to themselves as is that of the Chinese to them. An Indian scarcely ever totters in his walk, no matter how old. All his life long he has put down his

feet with so even and steady a motion that if he can get on his legs at all, he moves forward with balance. It is wonderful how cushioned and slow are the steps, and how straight the line of walking, observed by the aged Indian.

They have the avarice common to the California Indians amusingly developed. One day I offered Ventura half a dollar if he would tell me what traditions he knew. He refused, because he had been at the trouble of learning Spanish. He said it was worth more than half a dollar to learn Spanish; and if I wanted to get the traditions cheaper, I must learn Indian. I did learn some Indian subsequently — enough to show that the sly old man *had* no traditions, to speak of.

When a strange Indian arrives in the camp of the Gallinoméros, someone says to him, "*Ameka?*" (Is that you?) To this he replies, "*Hco*" (yes). The stranger then advances into the circle, or enters into the wigwam, as the case may chance, and squats down without ceremony and without a word. A squaw brings him some food in a small basket, of which he partakes in silence; neither does anyone address him so much as a word, until he has finished his repast. Then he is gradually drawn into conversation, and is expected to give an account of himself. In primitive times, these Indians frequently lay flat on their bellies in eating.

When a young Gallinoméro loses his parents and older brothers, he can bind himself to others by a sort of apprenticeship. That is to say, with a certain amount of shell-money he can purchase parents and brothers for himself, who are bound to guarantee him the same protection that they would if they were blood relations. If he possesses the requisite amount of money to pay them for this service, he does not become more beholden to them than before the contract; but in default of it, he becomes an apprentice or slave to his parents adoptive.

In like manner, a refugee or exile from another tribe can find among the Gallinoméros a kind of Alsatia, and entitle himself to citizenship and protection, by buying parents and brothers. Joseph Fitch related an instance of a squaw who came from some tribe in Sacramento Valley, purchased parents, and, by thus becoming naturalized and owing allegiance to the tribe, could not be taken away by her own people. From this we would infer that extradition treaties were unknown.

No crime is known for which the malefactor cannot atone with money. It seems to be the law, however, that in case of murder the avenger of blood has his option between money and the murderer's life. But when the latter is accorded him, he is not generally allowed, as among the northern tribes, to wreak on him a personal and irresponsible vengeance. The Chief takes the criminal and ties him to a tree, and then a number of persons shoot arrows into his body at leisure, one after another, thus putting him to death by slow and excruciating torture.

According to the testimony of these Indians themselves, and of early settlers among them, they sometimes committed infanticide. They made no distinction of sex, as the Chinese do, sacrificing boys and girls alike. When resorted to, the act was immediate; if the infant was allowed to live three days, they did not destroy it afterward. It seems to have been that mere heartless and stolid butchery which comes of over-population, and of that hard, grim penury which stamps out of the human heart its natural affections. They were grossly licentious, like all the California Indians; but this horrible crime never resulted from the shame of dishonest motherhood. Neither was it caused, as in recent times, by that deep and despairing melancholy which came over the hapless race when they saw themselves perishing so hopelessly and so miserably before the face of the American.

If in regard to their treatment of infants they resemble Chinamen, in their bearing toward the aged they are as far removed from them as darkness from light. While the Chinaman sometimes slays his helpless babes that he may the better support his equally helpless parents, the Gallinoméro reverses the practice. He puts his decrepit father or mother to death by strangulation. When the former can no longer feebly creep to the forest to gather his backload of fuel or a basket of acorns, the poor old wretch is thrown down on his back and securely held, while a stick is placed across his throat, and two of them seat themselves on the ends of it until he ceases to breathe. I could have hardly believed this horrible thing; and I record it only on the testimony of two trustworthy men — Joseph Fitch and Louis Piña — both veteran pioneers, who had lived among them many years.

When a young Philander of the tribe becomes enamored of some dark-eyed Clorinda, he buys her, in accordance with the usual custom, without any preceding courtship; but the parents must give their consent to the marriage. If dissatisfied with her, and he can strike a bargain with another man, he sells her to him for a few strings of shell-beads. There is extremely little virtue among them previous to marriage, which occurs early in life.

Being an eminently peaceable tribe, they have no war-dances. There is one very curious exhibition — a kind of pantomime or rude theatrical performance — which deserves a somewhat minute description, as it does not generally prevail among the California Indians. They give it no other name but *Coha*, which signifies simply "dance," although they translate it into Spanish by "fandango"; but I will call it, by way of distinction, the Spear Dance. It might also be called the Coward's Dance; for it seems to be intended as a kind of take-off on the greatest coward in the tribe, much on the same principle that a wooden

spoon is presented to the ugliest man in Yale.

First they all unite, men and squaws together, in a pleasant dance, accompanied by a chant, while a chorister keeps time by beating on his hand with a split stick. In addition to their finest deerskin chemises and strings of beads, the squaws wear large puffs of yellow-hammers' down over their eyes. The men have mantles of buzzards', hawks', or eagles' tail-feathers, reaching from the arm-pits down to the thighs, and circular head-dresses of the same material, besides their usual breech-clouts of rawhide, and are painted in front with terrific splendor. They dance in two circles, the squaws in the outside one; the men leaping up and down as usual, and the squaws simply swaying their bodies and waving their handkerchiefs in a lackadaisical manner. Occasionally an Indian will shoot away through the interior of the circle, and caper like a harlequin for a considerable space of time; but he always returns to his place in front of his partner.

After this is over, the coward or clown is provided with a long sharp stick, and he and his prompter take their places in the ring, ready for performances. A woman as nearly nude as barbaric modesty will permit, is placed in the centre, squatting on the ground. Then some Indian intones a chant, which he sings alone, and the sport begins, such as it is. At the bidding of the prompter the coward makes a furious sally in some direction, and with his spear stabs the empty air. Then he dashes back in the opposite direction, and slashes into the air again. Next, he runs some other way, and stabs again. Now, perhaps, he makes a feint to pierce the woman. Thus the prompter keeps him chasing backward and forward, and spearing the thin air toward every point of the compass, or making passes at the woman, until his wind is a good deal cut, and the patience of the American spectators is exhausted, and they be-

gin to think the whole affair will terminate in "mere dumb show." But finally, at a word from the prompter, the spearman makes a tremendous run at the woman, and stabs her in the abdomen. She falls over on the ground, quivering in every limb, and the blood jets forth in a purple stream. The Indians all rush around her quickly, and hustle her away to another place, where they commence laying her out for the funeral pyre, but huddle around her so thickly all the while that the Americans cannot approach to see what is done. Thus they mystify matters, and hold some pow-wow over her for a considerable space of time, when she somehow mysteriously revives, recovers her feet, goes away to her wigwam, encircled by a bevy of her companions, dons her robe, and reappears in the circle, as well as ever, despite that terrible spear-thrust.

Men who have witnessed this performance, tell me the first time they saw it they would have taken their oaths that the woman was stabbed unto death, so perfect was the illusion. Although this travesty of gladiatorial combat is intended merely for amusement, yet all the Indians, these stoics of the woods, gaze upon it with profound and passionless gravity. If they laugh at all, it is only after it is all over, and at the mystification of the Americans.

Another important occasion is the Wild-Oat Dance, in autumn. There is no feasting on the part of anybody; and what is more, all who participate in the dance are not allowed to partake of any flesh for a certain length of time. That is one singular trait in the California Indians, that, "huge feeders" as they are, they never feast at their dances, but content themselves with common foods. And another thing, which constantly reminds one of the ancient Israelites, is the frequency of the occasions when they are required to abstain from flesh. This Wild-Oat Dance is substantially the same as the general exhibition imme-

diately preceding the Spear-Dance, above described.

In their medical practice they employ several conjurations, one of which is to place the patient in a pole pen, which is ornamented with owls', hawks', buzzards', and eagles' feathers, as a propitiation to those diabolical birds. Then they chant and caper around the pen in a circle. Sometimes the medicine-man scarifies the person, sucks out blood, gargles his throat with the same, then ejects it into a hole dug in the ground, and buries it out of sight, thinking he has thus eliminated from the body the *materia peccans*. The physician must abstain rigidly from food, especially flesh, while performing his conjurations over the patient; and they sometimes continue a good while.

As soon as life is extinct, they lay the body decently on the funeral pyre, and the torch is applied. The weird and hideous scenes which ensue, the screams, the blood-curdling ululations, the self-lacerations they perform during the burning, are too terrible to be described. Joseph Fitch relates that he has seen an Indian become so frenzied that he would rush up to the blazing pyre, snatch from the body a handful of burning flesh, and devour it. Squaws would often hurl themselves upon the flaming mass and perish, if they were not restrained. To augment the horror of these frightful orgies, the horse or dog belonging to the deceased is led up to the spot and cut off with butcherly slaughter. When the fire is burned down, they scoop up the ashes in their hands and scatter them high into the air. They believe that they thus give the disembodied spirit wings, and that it mounts up, to hover forever in the upper regions, westward of the sea, happy in the boundless voids of heaven, yet ever near enough still to delight itself with the pleasant visions of earth. But different Indians hold different views; and the totality of them believe in a greater number of heavens than the

Shakers. Some believe that they go to the Happy Western Land beyond the sea (the most common notion throughout California); others, that they ascend up indefinitely. The dead return into *coyotes*, or sink immeasurably deep into the bowels of the earth.

The dead are mourned for the space of a year. Every morning and evening for about two hours, during that length of time, all the relatives seat themselves in a circle on the ground, and set up their mournful wails and chants, while they tear their hair and beat themselves. Lifting up their eyes to heaven, they cry out with piteous voices, "*Wah totchedây! wah totchedây!*" (O, my mother!), or "*meû-tega*" (brother), or whatever may be the relative. During the remainder of the day they go about their several employments with their ordinary composure.

They have a vague notion of a great ruling power somewhere in the heavens, whom they call *Calletôte* (the Chief Above). But this seems to be only a notion derived from the Spanish; for this personage is entirely a negative one, and the *coyote* performed all the work of creation, as is the usual belief of the Northern California Indians. They do not pretend to explain the genesis of the world, but they account that astute animal to be the author of man himself, of fire, of the luminaries of heaven, etc. Fire he created by rubbing two pieces of wood together in his paws; and the sacred spark thus generated he has preserved in the tree-trunks to this day.

This is their theory of the origin of light. In the early days of the world, all the face of the earth was wrapped in darkness thick and profound. All the animals ran to and fro in dire confusion; the birds of the air flew wildly aloft, then dashed themselves with violence upon the ground, not knowing whither to steer their course. By an accident of this kind, the *coyote* and the hawk happened to thrust their

noses together one day; and they took counsel together how they might remedy this sore evil. The *coyote* groped his way into a swamp and gathered a quantity of dry *tules*, which he rolled into a large ball. This he gave to the hawk, with some flints, and sent him up into heaven with it, when he touched it off and sent it whirling around the earth. This was the sun. The moon was made in the same way, only the *tules* happened to be damper, and did not burn so well.

These savages have a curious "Legend of the Flood," which runs as follows: As the *coyote* had created the earth and all the living things that thereon are, so he also took it upon himself to maintain them in order. But there came a mighty flood which he could not control, and all beings upon the earth, save himself alone, were drowned. Then he set himself to restore mankind in the following manner: He gathered together a large quantity of owls', hawks', buzzards', and vultures' tail-feathers; and with these he made the circuit of all the old Indian villages that had been destroyed by the waters. He searched diligently over their sites; and in every place where a wigwam had stood, he planted a feather in the ground, and scraped up muck around the same. In due process of time the feathers sprouted, took root, budded, grew finely, and became men and women; and thus was the earth re-peopled.

THE GUALÁLAS.

This tribe is closely related to the Gallinoméros, both belonging to the great Pomo family; and they understand each other with very little difficulty. They are separated, however, by the low coast-mountains, a range about twenty-five miles in width, as the Gualálas live on the creek called by their name, which empties into the Pacific in the northwest corner of Sonoma County. Fort Ross, on the coast, is the seat of the old Russian Mission and colony for the supply of

Sitka; and here to-day, within the line of the stockade, is the quaint old Greek chapel, with its bell-tower, from which on Sunday rang out the imperious summons to prayers—for stern was the rule of the Russian Commandant. It is pretty well summed up in the saying, "Go to church and say your prayers, or stay at home and take your dozen." Though these mongrel Russians have long since hoisted anchor and sailed, and sailed, farther up the coast, until they quitted the continent altogether a few years ago, and the Aleuts have gone in their *baidarkas*, and the worthy neophytes alone remain—debauched and dwindled by this pseudo-civilization and this religion which was taught to them with the cat-tail and the knout—there still remain traces of the Russian occupation among them. After the rigorous rule of the Ivans, they are, if possible, a little more indolent and a little more worthless than those who were subject to the Spaniards. To this day they use the Russian word for "milk,"—*malako*—which they have corrupted into *meluko*; and they sometimes use the Russian for "gun," which is *sooshyo*. But the grim Northmen have not left so many traces of their physiognomy as did the Spaniards.

I saw, in the possession of a Gualála squaw, a fancy work-basket which evinced in its fabric and ornamentation, quite an elegant taste and an incredible patience. It was of the shape common for this species of basket—that of a flat squash, to use a homely comparison—woven water-tight, of fine willow twigs. All over the outside of it, the down of woodpeckers' scalps was woven in, forming a crimson nap, which was variegated with a great number of hanging loops of strung beads and rude outlines of pine trees, webbed with black sprigs into the general texture. Around the edge of the rim was an upright row of little black quails' plumes, gayly nodding. There were eighty of these plumes, which would have required the capture of

that number of quails; and it must have taken at least one hundred and fifty woodpeckers to furnish the nap on the outside. The squaw was three years in making it, working at intervals, and valued it at twenty-five dollars.

These Indians make much account of the wild oats growing so abundantly in California, which they gather and prepare in the manner following: The harvester swings a large, deep, conical basket under his left arm, and holds in his right hand a smaller one, furnished with a suitable handle. When the oats are dead ripe they scatter out easily, and he has only to sweep the small basket through the heads in a semicircle, bringing it around to the larger one, into which he discharges the contents at every stroke. When the hamper is full, he empties it in a convenient place, and the squaws proceed to hull the grain. They place a quantity in a basket, moisten it slightly, then churn and stir the mass with sticks, which causes the chaff to accumulate on the surface, where they burn it off by passing fire-brands over it. This process is repeated until the grain is tolerably clean.

They then beat it into flour with stones, and roast it for *piñole*, or manufacture it into bread; and the latter article is said by those who have eaten it, to be quite palatable and nutritious. Considering the enormous growth of wild oats yearly produced in California before the Spaniards brought cattle into the country, we can easily believe the accounts of the dense population which existed here in early days.

Like all their brethren, they are fond of acorns; and the old Indians still cling tenaciously to them in preference to the best wheat bread. To prepare them for consumption, they first strip off the shells one by one, then place a large basket without a bottom on a broad flat stone, pour into it the hulled acorns, and pound them up fine with long slender stone pestles. I had often noticed these bottomless baskets before, and wondered how the bot-

toms were worn out, while the sides remained so good; but here I learned that they were so made for a good reason. The flour thus obtained is bitter, puckery, and unfit to be eaten; but they now take it to the creek for the purpose of sweetening it. In the clean white sand they scoop out capacious hollows, and with the palms of their hands pat them down smooth and tight. The acorn-flour is poured in and covered with water. In the course of two or three hours the water percolates through the sand, carrying with it a portion of the bitterness; and by repeating this process they render the flour perfectly sweet. The bread made from it is deliciously rich and oily; but they contrive, somehow, to make it as black as a pot, not only on the crust, but throughout. Generally it is nothing but a kind of *panada*, or mush, cooked with hot stones in water. In a time of pinch they cut down the smaller trees in which the woodpeckers have stowed away acorns, or climb up and pluck them out of the holes.

And here I will make mention of a kind of sylvan barometer, which Mr. Charles Hopps, a veteran pioneer, told me he had learned from the Indians to observe. It is well-known that a species of California woodpecker drills holes in soft-wooded trees in autumn, into each of which the bird inserts an acorn, in order that when it gets full of worms in winter, he may pull it out and devour them. These acorns are stowed away before the rainy season begins, sometimes to the amount of a half-bushel or more in a tree; and when they are wetted they presently swell and start out a little. So, when a rain-storm is brewing, a day or so in advance, the woodpeckers fall to work with great industry, and hammer them all in tight. During the winter, therefore, whenever the woods are heard rattling with the pecking of these busy little commissary clerks, heading up their barrels of worms, the Indian knows a rain-storm is certain to follow.

Stephen Powers.

HYSTERIC.

THERE is a domestic tradition which holds that a doctor who has suffered from a certain disease is more likely to understand its nature and to treat it skilfully than one who has not. The writer cannot claim ever to have had Hysteria, but he has seen those who have had it. For that matter, such an experience is akin to going to sleep in church, and to moral poachings of various kinds,—nobody makes voluntary confession of such a weakness. It is very rare to find one who will acknowledge that he or she has ever had Hysteria, or anything like it. What follows, therefore, concerning this strange disorder, will be based, not upon personal experience, but upon professional observation; which sources of information are by no means identical.

Like other diseases of the Nervous System, Hysteria occurs in paroxysms, which are vulgarly denominated "fits," "spasms," "jerks," or "Hy-ster-icks!" These fits may attack men, women, children, or animals; doctors or deacons, priests or politicians, bachelors, benedicts, sailors, spinsters, lawyers, loafers, and persons of all creeds, colors, and nationalities. They come under the most variable circumstances (but always at the wrong time), and often arise from the most trivial causes. The symptoms imply an uproar and insurrection among the bodily functions, which are liable to an endless variety of changes and contingencies.

The nerves have been compared to "an infinite snarl of telegraph-wires, each of which ends in a battery somewhere." Set these wires at play discordantly, when the supports have been blown down and the insulators damaged by previous disease, and the resulting chaos culminates in a fit of Hysterics. Add to the long list of sensations complained of, the symptoms which are observable to the bystanders,

multiply the product by the perturbing influences that surround the patient, and the sum total will include the phenomena that are incident to the fit.

Every creature that has a distinct brain, or more technically, all the Vertebrates, are subject to Hysteria in one or another of its forms; and this because of a possible disorder among three of the co-ordinate faculties to which the brain is chiefly devoted—the *Emotions*, the *Reason*, and the *Will*. The proper play and performance of these faculties implies a healthful state of the brain and of the general nervous system. But if one of them is operated or educated at the expense of the others, disease is a natural and necessary consequence. If we cultivate the *Emotions* more than the *Reason*, and leave the *Will* to become weaker and weaker from a lack of exercise, the brain and the subordinate organs will certainly suffer. And it is this preponderating influence of the *Emotions* that characterizes Hysteria in all of its protean forms.

Those persons who are most liable to this strange disorder are such as are of an emotional nature, who are excitable, fickle, nervous, erratic, unreasonable, and unstable. They are highly-wrought, impressible, and easily "overcome of their own feelings." They are apt to be swayed by sudden impulse, and to go into ecstasy over music especially. The most trivial circumstance upsets their equilibrium, and they become morbidly sensitive to the little ills of life. This predisposition may be hereditary, but with the majority it is either accidental or acquired. The work and worry of those who carry too much weight in life, often induces it. Fatigue, depression, disappointment, harrowing mental cares, the incubus of unenviable prospects, and domestic infelicities and providence, may develop it. Or it may arise from a

surplus of toil and anxiety experienced by the wife of a clergyman, a politician, a merchant, or even of a physician. Or the priest himself, the politician, the merchant, or the doctor, may have acquired a predisposition to fits of Hysteria by the almost exclusive indulgence, caprice, and culture of his emotions, at the expense of his better judgment and resolution as a man and a citizen.

Many women become fatigued, who, strictly speaking, take but little exercise. The fault is not that their time is not occupied, but that they lack the stimulus and benefit of *variety* of occupation. Their home-life is a species of routine, a tread-mill round of toil, with little or no change. They wear out their lives with household drudgery. If their cares could be seasoned with a little of the spice of the outside world, they would overcome the bias to Hysteria. Fresh air, travel, sunlight, society, music, the substitution of an additional servant, or the translation of a shiftless husband, might cure them radically.

Among what are called the "better classes," with whom life is a perpetual holiday, this predisposition is often unwittingly nurtured. Its seeds may have been sown in boarding-school. In America, boarding-house and hotel life are the nurseries of Hysteria. It subjects its victims, who are without proper and constant employment of their time, to vicissitudes of excitement and of individual experience that are inimical to health. Their life becomes an aimless, artificial one, with a margin of leisure that is apt to be wrongly appropriated. It is almost impossible for an attractive person to escape the perils of such a home—if indeed it deserves the name. Thousands of women would be cured of the hysterical tendency if they were settled in homes of their own, where proper domestic cares might occupy and interest them. They need to get out of their Trunks and into their Homes. It is sometimes essential to remove them

from a boarding-house or a hotel, in which everybody knows everybody's business, and in which few women—excepting the housekeeper—have any business.

Young persons may develop this morbid inclination by their habits of reading and of social intercourse. Books and novels that inflame the imagination and excite the emotions, without affording a species of gymnastic exercise for the reflective faculties and the will, may work mischief in this way. The French have a maxim, "*Si votre fille lit des romans à dix ans, elle aura des vapeurs à vingt.*" And so also of those plays and poems which do not appeal to the finer feelings and give the mind something that is both beautiful and true to admire and to work upon.

Madame de Staël defined architecture as "frozen music." True poesy is the vehicle for clarified sentiment. Without its harmonies our life would be a discord; without its flowers our literature would be a dreary waste. A modern author thinks that, for the most part, poetry is what he calls "sensual caterwauling." In a qualified sense, his judgment is correct. For a bad poem often induces a mental *pica*, or false appetite, that ruins the taste for something better. It stirs the emotions and unsettles the reason. Its frequent perusal is a foe to tranquillity. It begets a species of voluptuous indolence which is better suited for the harem than the household. It is feverish and morbidly exciting, and tends to reverse the finer traits of character in man or woman. And in the proportion that one acquires a distaste for such sweet and simple poems as Longfellow's "Rainy Day," or the "Children's Hour," and takes to those of which "Don Juan" is the type, will the hysterical predisposition be fostered and made to flourish. Between Swinburne and Shakespeare there is an impassable gulf.

The exciting causes of Hysteria are curious. The list is a long one. One

susceptible young lady catches fire at the name of a rival; another at a fancied slight; a third from a fit of anger, chagrin, or of jealousy over somebody's superior *status* in society, dress, or equipage; and a fourth from the scent of something disagreeable. With one the spasm may be induced by picking over a few shreds of gossip. Others are victimized by sleeplessness, creaky boots, noisy doors, a mouse in the room, the ticking of a clock, the prattle of children, being compelled to go to church, or staying at home from a concert. This woman has a fit because her husband is obliged to leave his roof-tree now and then to go to his business; while that one is nervously wretched because her "man" sticks like a plaster, and it is impossible to shake or to send him off. With one, a harsh word is like a blow upon the head; with another, a tender epithet is the spark to the magazine. There are those who "cannot bear the sight of a cat," although they sometimes associate with "puppies" with perfect impunity.

A thousand little things jar the sensibilities of these very emotional persons. The resulting symptoms are as varied and as real as the causes themselves. When the paroxysm arrives, it ordinarily follows certain premonitions. An unusually irritable state of mind, taciturnity, or a tearful mood, may be a kind of warning aureole of the coming spasm. This may culminate in a cataract of tears, which, as the clouds lift, reveals the bow of promise. Or it may develop into high drama that shall startle the household and afford the nearest doctor a free ticket to the entertainment. Now and then we have a comedy—which is one of Errors or of Terrors, as the case may be; and sometimes a roaring farce that eclipses anything "on the boards."

Occasionally such an attack uncaps and reveals a latent gift, or genius, of which the patient had not been supposed to be the possessor. Under

these circumstances I have heard a woman sing most divinely and delightfully, who never in all her life sang before. Others extemporise a sermon or a set speech, and tricks in elocution, poetry, and word-painting are often played by such persons upon bystanders. This one's talk has the bouquet and sparkle of champagne. Perhaps it has little "body" or "brains" in it, but her language effervesces, bubbles up, and exhilarates others, while its overflow exhausts her own strength and vitality. That one's words are made of a sort of fulminating powder, and they burst like little torpedoes against one's tympanum. The phrases employed may be "cute" or caustic, wise or otherwise, full of praise or blame, of love or hate, of hope or of despair. While the fit lasts, the perceptions become more acute, and are on the *qui vive* for the most delicate impressions, especially if they are disagreeable and discordant. Her memory retouches its "negatives" with all the shadows that cross her path. It registers and reflects the gestures, the expression, the solicitude of lookers-on. The more they are distressed and alarmed, the greater her own perturbation. Her emotions are under the lash of the Furies, and she is no longer accountable for word or deed. She tears her hair, clutches at her throat, beats her head, or is agitated and convulsed, and throws herself wildly about. She refuses to speak, or may talk incoherently and even incontinently. She weeps and laughs alternately and immoderately, sobs, cries, screams, supplicates, cajoles, threatens. Her behavior is brimful of antitheses. She is a "pathological kalcidoscope," sensitive, impressible, tearful. She sees and hears every motion that is made in the room. Nothing escapes her. For her to remain passive is an impossibility. She is under the dominion of an evil genius which destroys her own peace and quiet, and that of all concerned.

It is under these circumstances that the higher forms of emotional con-

sciousness are liable to become decomposed, or rather, perhaps, transposed and reversed. As a result, the kind-hearted and benevolent may suddenly become cruel and selfish. Friendly feelings may be soured in a moment, and vows that were once sacred will be outlawed as soon. Love may be transmuted to hate, joy to grief, trust to distrust, and happiness to misery. And so a laudable ambition, or veneration, hope, wit, or humor, may be dethroned by this hysterical iconoclast.

Human nature is the same, "with variations," the world over; and doctors have more to do with it than anybody else. Lying may come of Original Sin, or otherwise; may be ingrain or incidental, pre-natal or post-natal, an inheritance, a bias, a predisposition, a propensity, an infirmity, or a possibility with all of us; but when we are ill it is very apt through either word or act, or both these modes of expression, to give color to our symptoms. Thus, we may deceive others, and perhaps ourselves also. For a sick man may lie to himself and not be able to detect it. Among the lame and the lazy there are multitudes of cripples who are hoaxing themselves in this way.

The well-known tendency of Hysteria to imitate other diseases, has in it a tinge of deceit. It is like the leaf-butterfly, which almost exactly resembles in appearance the leaf of the plant upon which it alights. Its power of mimicry is one of the most remarkable things in Medicine. Persons of an hysterical constitution seldom pass through the different stages of an acute inflammation or fever, without some peculiar experiences and revelations of a nervous kind, that are totally foreign to the special history of the disease in question.

In health our emotional susceptibility exists as a pleasurable consciousness. We enjoy it and what it brings, as the healthy eye enjoys the light, and the ear the undulations of sound which we call music. But when that emotional susceptibility is morbidly

acute and intensified, what was pleasurable becomes absolutely painful; and as the diseased eye is intolerant of light, and the ear of sound, so our perceptions develop into so many avenues for distracting thoughts, emotions, and suffering. We brood over imaginary evils. We acquire wrong views of life, and wrong ideas of society. Our best friends come to be of opposite polarity. Our ideas will no longer fuse with theirs. We charge them with insincerity and shallowness. The change may be entirely within ourselves; for without knowing it, we have grown skeptical, fussy, nervous, petulant, suspicious, and unhappy. These mental aberrations may react upon those who have a claim upon our sympathy and friendship. They are the offspring and outgrowth of the hysterical bias. If the Emotions were always subservient to the Reason, and the Will had its proper sway, there would be a thousand-fold more harmony and happiness among men, and such experiences would be almost entirely unknown.

It is true that human nature is so fallible, and so weak at so many points, and that we are so occupied with fighting the physical evils which threaten to overcome our native energy, that at present it is very difficult to say where this series of phenomena began and where it will end. A trivial accident is supposed to have given origin to our Great Fire. So it is with the chain of circumstances that may demoralize the interests of community, and that often bear upon and break up a healthy tone of social sentiment. Somebody has conceived an idea which proves to be incendiary. Some other body's emotions are ignited, and nobody knows where the mischief will end.

If we read the symptoms backward, we shall discover that the inordinate love of the sensational, and the feverish thirst for novelty and notoriety which characterize the present age, have the same origin. If the emo-

tional side of our nature was not so disproportionately developed, our mental appetites would not crave such condiments. We could hear a sermon, or a plea at the bar, without requiring so much of spice and flavor to make it palatable, and our periodical literature and our publishers would withhold much that should not be ventilated at our firesides.

It must be true that any reform which does not include and prescribe a correction and an arrest of this hysterical habit or bias, is imperfect and impracticable. For, unless the Emotions are answerable to the Reason, and in league with it, and the resulting actions are under the dominion of the Will, the actor is practically and positively, although perhaps temporarily, insane. "Nearly all the most famous impostors of the female sex have been of the hysteric constitution." And a majority of the men who have made a noise in the world have been subject to fits of emotional insanity from the same cause.

Macaulay tells the story of a man who, on his way to the gallows on a rainy day, for the express purpose of being hung, insisted upon carrying an umbrella over his head to prevent his taking cold! He was a fitting representative of a *man* with Hysteria. For the men are not exempt from this strange disorder, and when they get into the turmoils of controversy are very apt to become hysterical. Questions in politics, law, medicine, and theology intensify their emotions and induce the paroxysm. The men who build and repair the denominational fences are almost always hysterical. The operations of the Gold-board, the Stock-board, and the Exchange, and the stormy waves on the sea of public life, cause the greatest possible tension and perturbation of the nervous system. The "living" of men thus exposed is so precarious that it is no marvel if they become dizzy and unsettled. They are fit subjects for what Weikard calls *tabes imaginarius* — a distressing

compound of apprehension and actual suffering. They cannot emancipate themselves from their necessities, nor from the contingencies that beset them. Want or ambition or pride or covetousness may be the predisponents of Hysteria in men, as love is in women. When they become bankrupt in intellectual resource and in will-power, they are left to the caprice of accidental emotions; and hence a train of symptoms which are essentially the same as those of Hysteria in women.

Acting upon this acquired impressibility, the incidental causes of Hysteria have incited many a mob; spiced all sorts of civic and military harangues; brought on revolutions — that have moved forwards or backwards; thumped the dust out of a thousand pulpit-cushions; uprooted certain evils, and sown the seeds of many others. They have caused new instincts, passions, and emotions to be evolved from the nervous systems of men, as the Commune was the outgrowth of immature ideas concerning constitutional liberty. And worse than all beside, they have set men by the ears whose antipathies and antagonisms should have given place to mutual admiration and encouragement.

Pinel classes Hysteria and Hypochondria as forms of veritable insanity. Shakespeare understood the nature and whimsicalities of Hysteria perfectly. He makes Enobarbus to say of Cleopatra: "Cleopatra catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment — she hath such a celerity in dying." To which Anthony replies: "She is cunning, past man's thought."

But this *penchant* for dying on the slightest pretext is so compounded with self-deception that it is not always safe or proper to blame these persons. In every case, however, this form of self-delusion is undertoned with the instinct of self-preservation. These habitual victims of Hysteria have no idea of dying "intirely." Only the most remarkable

perseverance on their part makes such a result possible.

The half-speculative, half-observant look and tone of one who seems more than half dead from Hysterics, betray its real nature and freedom from danger. There is such an incongruity in the symptoms; such an insane pleasure is taken in the repetition of these death-bed scenes and tableaux; they are gotten up on such slight provocation; and the cry of "wolf" has come so often in the same case, that "Sairy Gamp" and all the gossips in the neighborhood are satisfied that "she can't die if she tries."

The records of death from Hysteria alone show the most discouraging statistics for those who are hoping finally to take wing in this way. I have, however, resurrected the brief history of an exceptional case of this kind. The virtues of the victim are commemorated in an old-fashioned epitaph, which runs thus:

Here lies the body of Susan O' Rannydid,
Who died of the fits, the same as her granny did;
She had sixteen in one hour, and might have had
more,

If the doctor, just then, had not opened the door.
She drank barrels of tea, and slept upon feathers,
Doted on 'Tabby,' and 'turned out' in all weath-
ers;

Was fussy and fickle, and sang through her nose,
Spent all her spare time in darning her hose,
Had a mission to look for the notes she could
find,

Over beams of her own, in the eyes of mankind.
Had a fondness for doctors, and such other folk
As love the 'dear people' because they will
croak!

For sixty long years she complained of her side,
Which was not a whit better the day that she
died.

Her death had been watched for and looked for
so long

That her threats had grown stale as the common-
est song.

All her friends who had brought their eye-water
to spill,

When she heaved her last sigh, were holding it
still:

Until, one bright morning, when nurse turned
around,

The old lady's bark ran quickly aground!

Without note of warning the crisis had passed—
Her own fit-ful *Finis* had come, at the last!

Dr. R. Ludlam.

THE LICENSE SYSTEM OF TAXATION.

AS all men are taxed, either directly or indirectly, and probably always will be, the question, which among the various methods of taxation is the best, interests every citizen. The difficulty with which, in some countries having large national debts, the necessary revenue has been raised by the old methods of taxation, and the growing discontent and agitation among the people caused by the excessive and unequal pressure of the system on individuals and classes, and its mischievous and ruinous effect on production and commerce, have brought about great alterations and improvements in the established ways of raising the supplies. A long and severe experience has at last made it clear that to increase taxation is not always and of

course to increase revenue; but often, on the contrary, the surest and quickest way to increase the supplies has been found to reduce the taxes. Acting on this principle, the taxes in some countries have been taken off from a multitude of commodities, and yet the supply of revenue has not been decreased; so that it has come to be admitted that often the best way to fill the treasury is not to lay on new but to take off old taxes. The conviction has been growing that under the old system taxes had been levied with such utter recklessness and folly, and had borne with a weight so heavy upon trade and industry, that the only hope of securing the necessary revenue was to be found in a large reduction or total repeal of most, if not all, of them. It

is now acknowledged to be a matter of the first importance to the wealth and progress of a State, in what manner and by what means it attempts to raise its revenue; and that a system of taxation may be so blindly conceived and badly framed as to become at the same time a most cruel engine of wrong and oppression to the citizen, and most destructive to the wealth and power of the State. Notwithstanding the great study and attention the subject has received from some of the best thinkers of our time, and although great progress has been made in abolishing abuses and establishing new and better principles and methods, we are not yet free from the crude and false notions, nor from the clumsy and barbarous practices of more ignorant and barbarous ages; and much work still remains to be done, and many battles to be fought, before we approach a perfect system, or rid ourselves of the antiquated ideas and methods that still continue to distress the citizens and impoverish the State. There are, however, some conclusions or principles in the science of taxation that it is believed are settled, and which should control as far as may be in devising any system. It is agreed that of the evils and wrongs that may be the result of a bad system, there are two of the greatest importance: one being the hindrance and harm that such a system works to the wealth and growth of a State, and the other the inequality with which its burdens rest on individuals and classes. And it may be considered that any system of taxation worthy to be adopted must avoid so far as possible these two evils, and possess the two leading requisites that it does not hinder nor diminish production, and that its burdens bear with equal pressure on all.

It cannot be disputed that taxation may be, and often is, a most heavy and embarrassing burden to industry and business; and a most important feature of a good system is that it shall disturb as little as may be the national

course of enterprise in developing the resources and extending the commerce of a country. As there are in all production two elements, capital and labor, it should be a first care that taxation neither lessens the quantity nor impairs the efficiency of either of these. Of all the wealth of a country, taxation should never take any of that portion which is devoted to production, so long as it can possibly be avoided. To take this, which is its capital, is self-destruction, for it is to destroy the very source and only hope of any revenue; and it should never be touched so long as there are any other means of supplying its wants. There is a large portion of the wealth of a country that is devoted to consumption, and is good for nothing else; and it is from this portion that taxes should be drawn. So long as the wealth of a country that is set apart to be consumed is large enough to furnish the supplies of Government—and in our time in all civilized lands it is abundant—taxation should be limited strictly to it, and never be permitted to go beyond, and fall upon wealth reserved for production. This principle is almost universally admitted—that taxation should not touch upon capital; yet it is far from being always regarded in practice, and it may be well to state some of the modes in which it is constantly violated.

In many of our State Constitutions is a provision requiring the uniform valuation and taxation of all property of every kind, and the practice in most States and cities is made to conform to it. But this practice, that it is attempted so generally to carry out, is clearly open to the objection that it must carry off some part of the capital of the State; because when all property is taxed, it must be frequently, if not always, the case, that capital is taxed; and to the extent to which it is taken production is defeated. We know it is said in reply that it is impossible that taxation should not sometimes fall upon capital, and that it may without great risk be left to each person to de-

cide whether he will pay his taxes from his income devoted to consumption or from that saved for investment, and that nearly always it will be the former. But it would be better that the law should make the decision whenever it can be done, and not leave it to the discretion of the individual so long as the danger can be guarded against. The State should provide that no capital, no wealth saved for production, goes to pay taxes; and so long as it fails to make such provision in its statutes, and leaves it to chance or personal caprice, its law is defective and its duty undone. Hence there is reason for asserting that any law enforcing a uniform method of taxation on all property alike is bad. All property should not be taxed, but only property reserved for consumption; and to secure this the distinction should be made and its observance required by law. The State is guilty of a neglect of duty whenever it permits any capital to be taken for revenue. It should confine all its demands for supplies strictly to that part of its wealth that is reserved for consumption, and never trench upon that devoted to production.

As production and wealth are reduced by suffering taxation to fall on capital, so a like wrong and injury may be done by any measures that compel an increase of the capital employed in carrying on any industry. This is done when commodities that are the raw materials, or used in any of the processes of manufacturing industry, are taxed. The prices of such taxed materials at once rise, more capital is required for carrying on the industry, and the production falls off in the employment thus taxed, or if kept up in it, can be done only at the expense of some other industry. And the mischief done is not limited simply to the raising of prices by the amount of the tax, but the price continues to rise at every step of the process, through all the hands engaged in making, carrying, and selling the article, and is paid at last by the consumer with all its ac-

cumulated cost and charges of insurance, interest, and profits. Next to seizing the things themselves and confiscating them, taxes on raw materials have the most injurious effect on production, and are most damaging when they enter into the first stages of manufacturing, as the evil is then felt and spread down through the whole process in an ever increasing degree. To avoid the great evil of this accumulating expense and burden, taxation should be levied on an article only when it has reached the last stage previous to, and is ready for, consumption. It is evident that taxes most injurious to production are indirect taxes on raw materials and articles used in industrial processes, as they are sure to be added to by all through whose hands the articles pass, and finally, after disturbing and checking industry at every step, fall on the customer with all their heaped up cost. The prices of articles thus taxed, or of fabrics made from them, must rise, demand must fall off, and production become less, with a continued disturbance of values and employments, and hindrance and loss felt through all branches of trade and industry and by producers and consumers everywhere.

Besides taxes that hinder the progress of a country by taking off some portion of its capital, and those that work injury by making a larger quantity of capital necessary to the carrying on of certain industries, another mischievous kind in their effect on production are taxes on articles which go to the support and subsistence of labor. The cheaper the labor the greater the production, and anything that increases the cost of labor must be damaging to increase of industry and wealth. Thus, taxes on any of the necessities of life, such as food, fuel, shelter, or clothing, have a directly injurious effect on the productive industry of a country. Such taxes raise the cost of labor by making subsistence dear, and are immediately felt in a slackening industry and reduced production.

It is not uncommon for various branches of industry to claim exemption from their equal share of taxation on the ground that they are of peculiar advantage or necessity to the community. Sometimes the manufacturing class claim to be thus exempted; for what is more essential to a country than manufactures? sometimes the transportation or shipping interest push their claims; for how can a country live or thrive without them? and sometimes others make the same demand; and it is clear that any such claim has foundation, and that the difficulty is to decide between them. For while it is impossible to select any one kind of industry or branch of trade, and say that it so excels all the rest that it shall have special protection or be exempt from taxation, it must be admitted that it will be a great advantage and gain if all could be shielded and no one weakened or obstructed by it. Indeed, no system of taxation can be defended that levies its exactions on the industry or production of a country. From its hindrances and burdens, labor and capital should always be free. To tax production is a gross blunder, and never, until all other means of raising the supplies have been exhausted and it is found impossible to avoid it, should any system be adopted that turns away from consumption and seeks to make production a source of revenue.

Besides the already mentioned ways in which taxation diminishes production and so injures the State, one still more obvious is found in the labor and cost of the men and machinery that any system requires to its successful working. It is plainly to be desired that all this burden and expense, or so much of it as may be, should be dispensed with, and the army of men thus employed be remitted to other and more productive industry. A system that requires the listing and assessing of all property, and the collecting of taxes from every member of the community who owns anything, necessi-

tates a vast and most expensive machinery. If a mode can be devised by which some part of all property can be exempt, and only the remainder be taxed, it is plain that to that extent labor and capital will be saved. If taxation can be limited to the property reserved for consumption, and that devoted to production be excluded, a large part of the expense of valuation and assessment would be saved. If, in addition to this reduction, a mode can also be found by which the expense of collection can be reduced, and salaries and commissions of tax gatherers be dispensed with, another great source of expense, inseparable from the present system, would be cut off. Collection, it is believed, can be rendered far simpler and cheaper, and valuation almost if not wholly dispensed with. When it is considered how difficult an undertaking it is to place a just valuation on all property of every kind and description, remembering that value is said by the best authorities to be only a varying relation between varying qualities, and further considering in what almost infinite ways the judgments of the best men must vary as to values, and also how many times this process of valuation has to be repeated by State, county, town, and city officers, it is clear that it would be hard to devise any more perfect means for increasing labor and making expense, or that would create greater perplexity and confusion in practice, or a greater conflict of authorities. If the purpose be to increase the cost of raising the revenue, or to raise up and support an army of retainers and dependents for party purposes, or to create countless hordes of hangers on and tax eaters to disturb industry, consume capital, and devour the substance of the people, then the present system must be pronounced admirably fitted for the purpose, but otherwise not a success. A system that requires the valuation of all property of every kind and to whomever belonging, and the collection of taxes from every person who is the owner of

anything within the bounds of the State, must be pronounced in many ways most injurious and expensive, and too cumbersome, costly, and corrupt to be preserved long without great alterations and amendments.

If we go through the list of the various kinds of taxes, we shall find few that do not violate this first principle. They all diminish and hinder production and wealth by either taking and consuming unproductively some of the capital of the country, or by enhancing the cost of the materials used in production. Nearly all our taxes do this. Whether direct, and laid on all property, real and personal, as is the mode in most of our States and cities, or levied on income, either in the aggregate or in its separate parts of rent, profits, or wages, or whether indirect and laid on commodities, all are alike liable to the objection, that instead of being confined to consumption, they fall often and largely on production, hinder industry, and diminish wealth. The only taxes that are exceptions to this general statement are taxes on expenditures, such as imposts on horses, servants, carriages, and the like, that are hardly known among us. Not only the taxes themselves, but the machinery by which they are assessed and collected, is so cumbersome and expensive as to add greatly to the burden with which they press upon the progress and wealth of the State; and it is strongly to be desired that some way could be found by which this large expense could be brought down, and this great burden be thrown off from production.

The other requisite of a good system of taxation, is that its pressure shall be felt equally by all citizens. It is agreed that equality of taxation is secured when each pays according to the revenue he enjoys under the protection of the Government—that is to say, according to his means. But when we pass beyond this general statement, and inquire what constitutes means, in the sense here used, we find the utmost discrepancy and confusion of opinion,

and a conflict of usages and authority—leading to great injustice and inequality in practice. One—perhaps the most important and well known—instance of this inequality that prevails in both State and city assessments under the present system, and which the provisions in our State Constitutions enforcing uniformity of valuation and taxation has been unable to remedy, is found in the notorious fact that while generally all real estate is taxed, a large part—frequently half at least, and often the whole—of personal property escapes assessment. Another injustice that falls especially on real property is, that while nearly the whole of it is listed for taxation, yet so great is the difference of valuation made by different assessors, that gross inequality and injustice are the result. So also as regards the valuation of personal property: the views and practices that prevail in different localities as to deducting indebtedness are so diverse, questions under what jurisdiction the property is located and to whom the tax should be paid, and many other questions constantly arising, are so variously answered, and are so largely controlled by personal opinion or private interest, as to lead to gross injustice, and the utter want of anything like uniformity of assessment or equality of taxation. The frauds, indeed, have become so great and frequent, and the inequality so flagrant, under the law requiring the uniform valuation of all property, that the conclusion is forcing itself upon those who have given the subject the most attention, that the equality sought can never be thus gained, and that the attempt to have all property valued and taxed, always has proved, and always must prove, a failure. Many are already prepared to abandon this method, the fruits of which have hitherto been so largely fraud and injustice, and are trying to find some other mode that promises some escape from or safeguard against the manifold evils and oppressions of the old plan of a

uniform taxation of all property. It has been proposed, casting aside this method so encumbered with fraud, to resort to the house in which a person lives as an index or sign of his wealth, and infer the value of the property on which he shall pay taxes to be according to the expensiveness of his residence. Without discussing the merits of this new method of assessment, it is sufficient for us to remark that this change admits the great imperfection of the old system, and also admits that the best way to get at the wealth or property of a person is to observe the cost or style of his living. As equality of taxation requires that each person should pay according to his means, it is all-important to know if there be any way of getting an accurate valuation of a person's means other than by a direct estimate of the value of his property; and this new plan professes to be able to do it by resorting to the valuation of the premises one lives in. According to this, the best measure of a man's wealth is the rate at which he lives — that is, his expenditure or consumption; and in this conclusion we are inclined to coincide.

An income tax, it is generally held, would be a most just tax if it could only be fairly assessed and collected; but the obstacles to this are so great and insuperable as to render it the most unjust and impolitic of all taxes. A man's means, according to which he should be taxed, and his income, are so nearly the same thing, that only the manifest impossibility of ascertaining truly the amount of income prevents the adoption of such a tax. Yet, as nearly right as it seems that men should be taxed according to their income, a tax according to expenditure would be still more just, because, although through pressing debts, extraordinary expenses, great enterprise, or sudden emergencies, it might be that all income of all persons could not fairly be taxed at the same rate, yet it would be difficult to state a case in which injustice would be done to any person who was taxed only ac-

cording to what he chose to spend. The only objection made to taxing expenditure, is the same that is made against taxing income — that you cannot rely upon the honesty of men to give a true statement of it. But it will be admitted, it is believed, that if this could be done there would be little need to look further to secure equality of taxation, as it is hard to conceive anything fairer than that men should be taxed only according to what they choose to spend. Under such a rule, taxation would be determined by each for himself, would vary exactly with the ability and resources of each man, and, avoiding production, would fall wholly on consumption.

If such a tax could be levied and collected, there would be, however, great objection to it so long as it bore equally on all kinds of consumption. A tax laid uniformly on all sorts of expenditure or consumption, would fall with disproportionate weight on the lower and poorer classes, who are least able to bear it, but being the most numerous are the largest consumers. As this is doubtless true, so far as necessities are regarded, to prevent this injustice, the obvious remedy is to exempt necessities, and tax commodities only that are not necessities, but comforts or luxuries. We present one controlling reason for not taxing necessities, in the fact that to tax them would work injury by raising the cost of labor, and diminishing production; and we discover now another equally strong reason to exempt them, in the manifest inequality with which such a tax falls on the poor, and the wrong and impolicy of taking away from any class a portion of the earnings necessary to healthy and vigorous existence. All commodities necessary to the support of health and life should always remain untaxed. If this be conceded, — and it is not easy to see on what grounds it could be disputed — we reach the conclusion that equality of taxation would be secured if taxes were levied on the consumption of all commodities

that are not necessities. And the two most important requisites of a good system of taxation — one, that it never fall on production, and the other, that it shall fall equally on all — we find to be both most nearly attained when taxation is limited to the consumption of all commodities except necessities.

But if it were admitted that the leading features of the best system of taxation are found in a system that confined taxes strictly to consumption, the important inquiry would remain, by what means, if any, such a result could be attained. How can it be ascertained, with any approach to accuracy, what, or how much, a person consumes? And how can a separation be made between commodities that are necessities, and those that are not, but are comforts and luxuries? And how can the consumption of each be measured? If we were obliged to rely upon any valuation of the amount or kind of articles consumed, such as is prescribed in the received system, to determine the value of real and personal property; if we had to look to the judgments of experts, or to the sworn statements of consumers, we should abandon the attempt at once as utterly hopeless. But if a method can be found that dispenses with all the clumsy and costly machinery that now rests like an incubus on production, that will discharge and send to useful work the hordes of dependents and officials that now infest the public service and are fed from its crib, it must commend itself strongly to public favor. This will be accomplished, we believe, to a great degree, if a system of licenses be substituted in place of the established method, and the dealers in commodities be made the agents to collect the taxes from the consumers. Let every dealer in such articles be required to take out a permit or license, the amount to be paid for the same to be determined by the amount of revenue to be raised, number of dealers, amount of business done, and such other considerations as may be appli-

cable. There would, it is believed, be no great or insuperable difficulty in the way of adjusting such a system of licenses, and no obstacle in practice that would not give way before ordinary business sagacity and common sense. A system that promises so much to prevent fraud, to relieve production, and reduce expense, should, we maintain, at least not be dismissed without good proof that it cannot be made to work.

Another most controlling reason, plain to all, for substituting, if it can be done, some other for the present mode of assessing, collecting, and disbursing the public revenue, is, that besides its damaging and destructive effect on production, and the unjust and unequal manner in which its burdens are distributed, another great and fearful evil it works, is its all-pervading and most pernicious effect on the public morals. The established mode of raising revenue is found to be prolific of abuses and overrun with corruption. It is one of the crying evils of our times, and civil service reform is a necessity everywhere felt and universally demanded. We do not propose to allude to this view of our subject further than to say that there are those who maintain, and we think with good reason, that these abuses and corruptions are inherent in the very nature of the present system, grow out of it, and are so bound up with it that the only remedy will be found, not in reform, but in extirpation. What we sow, that must we also reap; and when the seeds and germs of abuse and corruption have been as lavishly sown as they are under this system, in a hot-bed prepared with such a compost as is to be found always in the tax-office and the custom-house, what other crop could be looked for than the one that has sprung up? So long as we continue to plant the same seed in the same soil beneath the same atmosphere, what other fruits can we hope to raise? It is not probable that a system whose limbs and branches, blossoms and

fruits, in every country, in all time, have been dishonesty and fraud, perjury and bribery, should bring forth anything else in our day and century. You cannot graft upon such evil stock sound and healthy shoots, and hope to have them grow and thrive. The poison from it infects the air; it is deadly to our free institutions; and the belief is growing and strengthening that it is a diseased tree, that can neither be preserved nor healed, and that it must be cut down.

But while the corruption and dishonesty of the system are seen and felt everywhere, and men are beginning to combine and arm against them, there prevails in many minds and sections no little incredulity as to the great and fatal injury it works to the national growth and prosperity. But few, if any, realize with how heavy a weight it presses down on all the springs of industry and enterprise; and yet it may well be doubted whether there be a single kind of industry, or branch of trade, where its blighting and paralyzing influence cannot be traced. Its effects are so indirect and hidden that they may be disputed and denied; but if once done away with, and their

depressing and destroying influence wholly gone, the quickness and power with which the country would then spring forward on a new career of wealth and progress, would prove how low she had been borne down and how long held back by the obstructions and oppressions of the established system. We should then know how greatly her native powers had been crippled, and how largely her immense revenues had been wasted, as we beheld the achievements of her industry and the triumphs of her commerce, free at last from the burdens and fetters of an old and antiquated method of taxation.

The many and great evils of the prevailing method for raising revenue cannot well be denied. We have shown, we think, that in two important ways it works great injury — first in hindering and diminishing production, and next in the gross inequality and injustice with which its burdens are distributed; and we call attention to a method of taxation by means of licenses, as being more free from the evils mentioned than any other, as being also much simpler in machinery, less liable to abuse, and far cheaper.

Walter Wright.

REVISITED.

DOWN-FALLEN the Trojan's grand
 Renowned ancestral halls
 The far world mourned; and her, Persepolis,
 With all her loveliness,
 And Carthage — touched as by a wizard wand;
 And still with grief recalls
 Rome, Albion, aglow,
 The Crescent's shrines laid low,
 And her that stood where Moscow's temples stand!

But what are these to me?
 They lighten, pale, and show
 Like far-off flaring of a furnace-blast,—
 A pageant of the Past,
 Fearful and grand — flaming in History!

With thee it is not so,
 Beloved! Thee I knew
 While yet thy days were few,
 And all thy greatness in the time to be!

As oft to ripened years
 Some youth and maid unknown
 Together grow from childhood's summers brief,
 Till one in joy or grief
 That evermore them each to each endears,
 Have we together grown:—
 But oh! as he that goes,
 Whose fond heart thrills and glows,
 Hiding the pain of love's delicious fears,—

Joyous, and bearing thence
 Treasured affections old,
 Lit with the brightness of one form and face,—
 Returning, finds each grace
 And beauty withered by the pestilence,
 Sad weeping unconsolated,
 Deplores and mourns in vain;—
 Such is my bosom-pain,
 Finding in all my loss no recompense!

In anguish prone I wait
 Where ruins strew the plains—
 Where smouldering heaps the wealth-bethroning mart,
 By fallen shrines of Art,
 Oblivioned tomes, and hearthstones desolate;
 Religion's fallen fanes,
 And Learning's halls o'erthrown;
 By trees stripped, blackened, lone,
 Dead—monuments of a relentless Fate!

We hark the bell that tolls
 Thy fallen fame—but tongue
 Can never tell thy tale of miseries,
 Of awful tragedies!
 Of martyrdoms no poet's pen enrolls;
 Of noble deeds unsung;
 Of thy uncoffined dead!
 Thy living hosts that tread
 Serene the heights, with all heroic souls!

As unto her that grieves
 Less for her pain than his,
 The lover—he, alas! who can but miss
 Her dower of loveliness—
 Our pity yearns, and quick each want relieves
 With thousand charities;
 Brings for love's deeper needs
 Kind words and gentle deeds,
 And thus, in little part, her loss retrieves;—

So, with one heart amain,
 In tender sympathies,
 To thee the peoples of all tongues and lands
 Have stretched full, pitying hands;
 Anon have sought to soothe thy poignant pain
 With all sweet ministries;
 Until our souls go out
 To ask, not all in doubt,
 If in this fiery wrath be more of loss or gain.

Can aught again restore
 The old-time beauty? No.
 Ah me! Howbeit the soul that fair arrayed
 In every grace the maid,
 Still lives as when those outward charms it wore;
 And Love, bewailing so,
 Beholding how of pain
 Is wrought the spirit's gain,
 At length is comforted, and weeps no more.

And thou that wast so fair,
 And now low in the dust,
 Bearing thy weight of grief — thy grime and stain,
 Without complaint of pain;
 With hands still quick to do, as heart to dare —
 Strong in all toil and trust;
 I see thee, sorely tried,
 Uprising purified,
 And hope again is born of my despair!

Shall not the near years show
 Thee crowned and lovely — nay,
 Fairer than in thy maiden beauty brief?
 And we, erelong our grief
 Outworn — what time the harvest sheaves of woe
 We reap — shall we not say,
 Recalling without pain
 Our anguish, then in vain
 We wept and mourned — but it was better so?

Alas! we only see
 Dimly — and darkly spell,
 In pain and loss, above all cant or creed,
 Sermons we can but heed;
 Oh for the faith that One, whatever be,
 Doth order all things well!
 We *feel* — we do not know —
 It somehow must be so, —
 Our loss be still thy gain, Humanity!

B. Hathaway.

PEBBLES AND MOSSES.

IN the cars, one day, on my way from San Francisco to San José, I overheard the conversation of two gentlemen in the seat before me. The train was halting at San Mateo, and one gentleman said:

"This is the place to take stage for — what d'ye call it? — where they go in summer to pick up pebbles on the beach! Oh! I can't think of the name! — Pest — Pesky — Peskydora — that's it! Drat the pesky place, anyhow! I had to swallow more dust before I got there, than all the water in the Bay could wash down, if I'd drank it!"

"And what of the pebbles?" asked the other gentleman. "Enthusiastic Californians assure me that there have been pebbles found there worth five hundred dollars apiece?"

"You have n't made up your mind to believe everything they tell you here, have you?" laughed the first speaker.

Like most Eastern visitors, they had come to California one or two months too late in the season (it was July); hence the complaint about dust. With the value of the pebbles, the season has nothing to do; they are, at all times of the year, very pretty — pebbles.

Just then the stage drove up to the platform to receive the passengers from the train, and the inscription "Pescadero" caught the tourist's eye.

"Oh, here — I was mistaken about that name. Drat these Spanish names, anyhow; who's to remember them all?"

The other gentleman "made a note of it"; and I, waif and bird of passage that I am, determined, suddenly, to see the wooded ravines and green hills of San Mateo County, and gather sea-moss and pebbles on the beach at Pescadero. My satchel was readily transferred to the stage; and ten minutes later we were dashing through as

grand a park as could be found in Old England itself. Noble indeed the old oaks looked, and fresh and cooling to the weary eye were the dark-green leaves of the laurel, and the rustling and murmuring foliage of the maples that grew up out of the tangled green-wood on a little rivulet running in the bottom of the ravine by the roadside. The birds chirped a merry welcome to us, and flew from the live-oaks on our right to the dense forest-growth on our left, drinking of the dew on the trees and from the waters of the brook with equal relish and appreciation.

A drive of five miles brought us to Crystal Springs — a place that tempted me sorely to change my mind and point of destination again; but I wanted to prove to my own satisfaction that men were wrong in charging my sex with fickleness and inconsistency, so I resolved to go on. I did not see the Springs, though; indeed, I believe a great many people go there and stay for weeks without ever discovering the whereabouts of these mysterious waters. But for all that, there is so much here to attract people in search of health, recreation, and rest — more particularly for those coming from dusty, bleak, crowded San Francisco — that no one ever complains when he or she happens to recollect that the "Springs" were never once seen. In front of the pleasant-faced house, are grounds with a fountain in the centre. Yes, "there are grounds"; but really, one does not notice the absence of flowers and shrubs, because the forest-trees come in so close; and a vine now and then leaves the old tree it has so long embraced, and sends its shoots to cover a part of the "grounds"; and wild-flowers have sprung into existence where the spray from the fountain can kiss their upraised heads. Farther on, where a tall wind-mill and tank-house draw up and keep on hand a big vol-

ume of water from the mountains somewhere, there is such an eternal splashing and sprinkling that the air feels cool and moist for a mile away, and cheats the green willow bushes which have grown there into the belief that they are standing in a low, swampy place, where it is always raining.

Deeper grew the ravines beyond Crystal Springs, and higher the hills; and veil after veil was drawn from side-pocket and travelling-bag, and then doubled, and finally tucked in and knotted fast about head and neck with increasing energy, as cloud upon cloud of dust arose from the earth and was hurled at us with every breath of the rising wind. On the right, the live-oaks had vanished, and beyond the low hills lay the placid silver sea. The sun smiled but sadly through the white mist, and that, I fancied, was why the sea had changed its deep azure dress for one of the palest gray. Then we left the sea, taking with us the mist, that was gradually growing into a fog, through which the sun broke occasionally, bringing into marked contrast the emerald-green of the grain-fields on the hillsides, and the dark *chapparral* above and between them.

Strange that in a country where thousands of smooth acres lie uncultivated, these steep hills should be planted with grain and corn to the very top! I suppose, however, that farmers and their grain-fields appreciate the heavy sea-fogs almost constantly obscuring the sun here, better than I do; and that probably accounts for this "steep cultivation." Houses there are none to speak of, on the road, except at the stage-stations, where there is generally a grog-shop, styled a "Hotel," and further disguised by one of those "dratted Spanish names" that had roused the ire of the Eastern gentleman in the cars. Wagons heavily laden with sacks of grain met us, and made the dust intolerable, hiding from sight almost completely portions of our original outfit. It is

nothing unusual to find these large unwieldy wagons fastened one behind the other, to the number of three, and guided by a single teamster. Whether this is done to save the extra expense of hiring additional men, or whether teamsters are scarce in this country, I cannot say; but it is certainly a novel, one might almost say break-neck, sight to meet these trail-wagons in the mountains.

Noon brought us to Spanishtown (Half Moon Bay), where we took dinner. It was laughable to see the clouds of dust that flew from the shoulders of each passenger, as he or she jumped from the stage to the platform in front of the hotel; laughable, too, to see one lady after another step up to the glass in the parlor, where a start and a little scream betokened the horror she felt on viewing herself. Of little use had been the veils so carefully tucked in and knotted fast. There were ridges and hills and valleys of fine clay, where brows and nose and eyes should have been. Perhaps there was something in the dust or the atmosphere that disposed me to find fault and grumble. I was quite indignant with the people who had called *this* place Spanishtown. There is nothing Spanish about it but the name—for even the Catholic church, that should by right have been of *adobe*, was only a dingy, flimsy frame building; and of *adobe* houses there was hardly one to be seen. They were all frame houses, like those of a Western prairie-town, only far more bare and cheerless than could be found there. No matter what hard things I may have said about *adobe* houses in general, there is an air of homely comfort about those in the older California towns—like San José and Los Angeles, where they are often completely embowered in scarlet geranium and passion-vines—that makes them far more attractive than the stiff Western frame house.

There was great excitement in Spanishtown. One of the numerous China-

men who had pitched their tents here, had had a difficulty with an American, whom he had attempted to reduce to mince-meat. Hereupon the rest of the Americans had given warning that every Chinaman found within the precincts of the town twenty-four hours later, would be summarily and permanently disposed of;—hence the number of pig-tailed Johns, with bundles done up in rice-matting, we saw trotting along at a very lively gait in all directions.

For some distance beyond Spanish-town, the country is bare and uninteresting; then come the hills again, growing more rugged as they tower one above the other. Deeper again and wilder grow the chasms and ravines that divide them, and many an acre covered with green tangled undergrowth and sparse timber do we find hidden in the jealous embrace of the mountains. Then there comes a mountain higher and larger than all the rest, and we can see the road for miles behind us and ahead—a narrow strip of white lifting itself from the dark mountain-side. Finally we reach the bottom—a little narrow valley, very fresh and inviting; and out of it seems to lead but one road—a straight, hard-beaten track, rising up with the bleak, bald hill before us—plain, undeniable, and uninviting, like the path of duty pointed out to us by the stern, unwavering finger of conscience. A dull dread takes possession of my heart, lest that should be my onward road;—but no! beyond the spur of the mountain lies a path less straight and hard, with flowers growing by the wayside, and trees to break the rays of the hot sun.

Soon the sea meets us again, with a loud impatient roar; vanished the pale silver gray of the tide that played on the beach below—frowning and dark the heavy waves that break on the steep rocky shore. For miles we wind along by the ocean—the howling wind and the breakers thundering on the rocks beneath, half drowning

the sounds of the horses' feet as they strike on the hard stony road. No dust now, and no sunshine; but there is something to call forth every element of strength and combativeness in one's nature, in this fierce wind and the battle of the waves against the invincible rocks. Higher climbs the road above the sea; and there—just where it has reached the highest point, and falls off, steep and rugged and sudden—there rises a bridge, dark and gigantic, like a serpent stretching its huge body over the dark chasm, and seeking, many rods away, a support for its endless length. Beneath roll the swift floods of the Toanitas, mingling its muddy waters with the boundless sea, that rushes up again and again with angrily-crested waves, to drive back the petty intruder to its inland home. How grand and threatening they come, roaring in anger as they storm up to the shore! But their anger and their strength die out—powerless to check the tiny waves of the Toanitas.

The clouds parted, the fog rolled away, and the sun came forth once more, as we rolled into Pescadero at five o'clock in the afternoon. The Pebble-beach is but three miles from Pescadero, the Moss-beach some seven or eight. But they laughed when I spoke of visiting both the same day; they said no one ever left the Pebble-beach till the day was out. The Pebble-beach proper—that is, where the celebrated small fine pebbles are found—seems to be a mile or two in extent; but there are favorite spots, of course, where it is said the prettiest are to be found. The country seems to be uninhabited for miles around: the road leads—wherever you can drive; and when you have driven as far as possible, you have some climbing to do beside, before you get on to the beach. But when you get there, you suddenly find yourself in the midst of such an expanse of shining, glittering, glistening stones, that you lose all idea of time and eternity, and fall to digging

with your hands as though there were diamonds and pearls to be found at the bottom. Such a fascination as there is about these millions of smooth shimmering little stones, varying in size and shape from the head of a good-sized pin to a small bean, and in color from the blackness and gloss of polished jet to the crystal clearness of the diamond. Pink, brown, green, red, yellow, are there, and all polished as though ready for setting; but the most highly prized seem to be those of an opaline whiteness—as though a drop of milk were stirred into a glass of water. Those resembling jet are also highly valued; but among those that I found there are two, a pink and a red one, resembling cornelian, by which I set great store. Then there are those of a salmon color, almost transparent, and some of a light green, resembling malachite.

It is impossible to describe them all; and when the tide has just gone out, and the water is still on them, there is nothing more enticing to the eye than these beds of pebbles. The deeper you dig down, and the nearer to the water's edge, the finer and brighter they seem to grow; and at times the whole beach is covered with dark objects, resembling seals basking in the sun, but which on closer inspection prove to be women with water-proofs over their dresses, stretched out at full length, and digging with both hands, as though for dear life. I had been cautioned against venturing too far down on the beach, when the tide came in; but forgetting everything about me, in my eagerness, I was reminded of the incoming tide only by a heavy wave dashing over me, which startled me so that my feet became entangled in my dress, and I could hardly extricate myself from my unpleasant position. Episodes like these, however, were of such common occurrence that the rest only laughed; and I went to work in a fresh place—my ardor not in the least dampened by my unlooked-for sea-bath.

As had been predicted, the day was far spent before we cried "enough," and returned. But I must have sea-moss too, of course—though I knew I should throw it out of the tail-end of the wagon before we ever got home. The fact is, I have neither taste nor talent for making the wreaths and crosses and baskets out of mosses and shells, that some women have; indeed, I must own to a settled dislike for everything belonging to that class of ornamentation, and prefer a blank space on my writing-table to such a stiff thing of a tower as I once saw manufactured out of pebbles and shells. We were obliged to keep the beaten road on our way to the Moss-beach; and the dust, as usual, was frightful. The sun disdained to shine on us miserable mortals, and the black fog that rolled toward us from Pigeon Point was far more dampening to the spirits than my sea-bath of the day before. How cold the hills looked—though they were covered with grain; and where did the people live to whom these wide fields belonged? Only a dark-looking redwood shanty was to be seen here and there: never a home-like farmhouse, with vine-clad porch and full-bearing orchard, came into sight.

Pigeon Point is a "place" containing half a dozen desolate-looking tenements and a government building of some kind. A whale or two had by chance been caught here lately, and the remains were being lashed by the high-rolling waves, as they floated among the rocks near the shore, while the fat was bubbling up in immense cauldrons over the fire kept up by the Portuguese people, who had the "trying" job on hand. The steam-whistle erected to warn vessels away from this dangerous coast, sent out its discordant blasts every five minutes; the sea-fowls shrieked hoarsely as they flew lower and lower over the carcass in the water; and the wind, along with its own music, brought us clouds of smoke from the dull-burning fire, and clouds of fog that seemed to roll in

alike from the stormy sea and the bare-looking hills. It was a fit place for those thirteen sailors that were lost on the "Carrier Pigeon," to be buried in: I know they would n't have stayed here if they had been washed ashore alive. Then we passed some old timbers buried in the sand — the last remnant of the "Franklin," that went ashore here, leaving but one man to tell the tale. The Captain, with his faithful wife by his side, had been on deck but a moment before she struck, congratulating her merrily on their close proximity to the harbor of San Francisco, where she could soon gratify her propensity for spending money and buying up finery. Alas! his fatal error dug graves for them all on the dreary sand-beach, where they were buried one after another, as the waves washed their bodies to the shore.

At last we reached Point New Year; and there on the beach, enwreathed by kelp and coarse moss, lay the dead body of a monstrous sea-lion. Poor fellow! I did n't wonder that the cold water in the sea and the cold fogs on the land proved too much for him! Had I been in his place, I should have committed suicide long before. Once safely past the Point, and the fog clears away, and the sun shines forth and lights up the sea and the wooded hills above us with a warm, pleasant light. Deep-blue is the water here, with golden sparks shooting over it where the wind kisses it with a trembling kiss; and brightly green rise the hills, till they are crowned by fir and redwood at the top. The moss on the beach did not hold my attention as the pebbles did, though it is the most delicate and bright-colored I have ever seen. I cannot describe the tints — they glide imperceptibly from the gayest scarlet to the deadest dun, from the freshest green to the duldest brown. There are large leaves and flowers that you may transfer to card-board or paper, fix them there, and when dry pass your finger over them without detecting their presence — so exquisitely fine is

the texture. Pretty soon I came to something that looked like the half of a boiled pear, peeled; and when I lifted it, my companions all screamed out and said it would sting me — it was poisonous; next a jelly-fish attracted my attention, and they screamed again, and said it would be sure to bite me, or sting me, I've forgotten which; and then I grew disgusted, and looked about for other amusement; for I was determined not to handle the sea-moss — it did n't smell at all nice.

Pretty soon I discovered an old boiler, carried here by the waters, from one of the wrecks out at sea; and now, as the tide came in and the waves washed into it one by one, it gave forth the most mournful music that ever was heard. Farther out was a pile of immense broken rocks; and as the old boiler gradually sank out of sight, the birds deserted it and fled to these rocks. The next wave brought a bunch of long green threads to my feet — the mermaid's hair; and then I knew she had been sitting just where I was seated, when the pale, treacherous moon was out last; and she had torn her hair and wept, as she saw the merman, her lover, caress another maiden, born of the sea-foam like herself. She had left her green tresses floating on the water — a silent reproach to her faithless lover; but she herself lay sleeping under that broken rock, and the sea-birds came there to sing a requiem every day.

Yonder, among the wooded hills, lie ranches; and there are saw-mills among the redwoods, and sheep and cattle grazing in the valleys. It is a well-known fact that among herdsmen, shepherds, and ranche-hands generally, in this country, are to be met occasionally cultured men and sometimes the oddest "geniuses" in the world. Among the hands on one of the ranches up there, I am told was a former captain of a vessel navigating the Ganges in India; and the beginning of his troubles and misadventures, which finally landed him on a

California dairy-ranche, had been a beautiful young girl of India, for whom he had felt so great a liking that he picked her up and carried her off on his vessels. Then there was the customary student from Heidelberg, and the son of a minister from New York. But the only one in whose history I took any interest was a young slender-built man, who came afoot there one day and asked for work. To be sure, he looked delicate and sickly; but that was his own lookout—was n't it? The people in this particular part of the country are very far from being sentimental—"not given to nonsense," in fact,—and no one knew or cared whether the boy was growing weaker or stronger; so long as he milked the allotted number of cows, and did his share of work, no one looked after him. One morning he was missing from his post; then they looked after him, and found him, dead, in the hay-loft where the men all slept. One of the men remembered in the previous

night, as he lay between sleeping and waking, how some one had called, "Mother! Mother! O Mother!" but thinking perhaps that it was a dream of his own early youth, he had turned on his side and slept again. In the little bundle the poor boy had brought with him, were a few trinkets and articles of wear that confirmed the impression he had always made—that of having been "delicately reared"—though wrecked, later, on God only knows what fault or misfortune. And his image came up before me as I sat there, watching the sun go down; and I fancied I could see him—for an hour they had perhaps spared him of a Sunday afternoon—lying on the deserted beach, his hands clasped, and his heart making moan—

"Hush ye billows and sea-mews!
All is long over,—hope and fortune,
Faith and true love! I lie on the strand
A weary, wrecked—ruined man—
And I bury my burning face
Deep in the cold, wet sand."

Josephine Clifford.

THE CREGAN CURSE.

IT was eventide. Ballakillin's face was set, as sturdily as ever, toward the east, disdaining to look over its powerful shoulders to see that the sun was setting behind it. Leave Ballakillin alone for that! It is said that she once, a long, long time ago—indeed, it would appear, by traditionary dates, almost as soon as the world began—allowed her highest mountain, Moddy-dhu, to glance back at retiring Phœbus, in doing which that unfortunate mountain's head and neck became permanently twisted into the position in which they now stand, gazing always westward.

Ballakillin was, and is, the name of a beautiful island, away east, among the British Isles. There were several towns and villages on the island, but

it was after the name of Ballakillin that the principal of these was named, in honor of the island itself. So the one was usually called "the Island," and the other, almost invariably, "Ballakillin." The "town," after all, was but a scattered and irregular series of houses and huts. A noble ruined castle and a lighthouse, which severally jutted forth into the sea, with bold prominence, on the tops of rocky promontories of appalling terror to the storm-struck mariner, and enclosed Ballakillin Bay, formed the most striking marks in a landscape which told in early dawn, daylight, dusk—aye, and on the darkest night—with resounding waves, where the Head of Ballakillin and the Murchan Point were. At ebb and flow of tide, both

these points were especially shunned by the wary; but at low water, pleasure-boats and fishing craft would venture around either, and men would discourse fearlessly as they pointed to the awful cavernous clefts and treacherous needle-rocks of the one adjoining Bay, or the towering flat-faced seaboard of the other — neither accessible as landing-places to anything but birds.

As was said before, it was eventide. There had been a sharp storm on the previous night, and now there was a heavy ground-swell on the sea. The Liverpool and Glasgow steam packet had at noon labored gallantly into the dangerous harbor of Ballakillin, with the "Eliza Jane" of Fleetwood — said "Eliza Jane" being without either sails or masts, save a stump of mainmast, obliquely across which was lashed a spar from whose short arm depended a Union Jack, upside down, as a signal of distress. The "Eliza Jane" was in sad plight, having "caught it in the Channel." Nevertheless, young George Clucas had gone out in his and his father's fishing-boat to ply his means of livelihood. His father, old Orry Clucas, had endeavored to dissuade him from going out alone, that day.

"Alone, dad!" exclaimed George, cheerily. "Why, you know the boy is sick, and besides, he's not much use, anyhow. And the boat's yours and mine; so that I'll have your share along with me if I can't have you — and your rheumatism," added he, laying his hands with firm grip on his father's shoulders, and looking into the old eyes with merry seriousness. "And what's more, you know, I'm twenty-one to-day; and, I'll tell you, dad, it's not to keep the pot boiling only, that I want to work in all weathers, but — I want to work."

The father knew for whom his son was fretting, and was afraid too that it was the old tale that happens — in its agony, God grant — but once in a lifetime. "George," said he, as he looked

fondly at his son's curly fair hair and clustering auburn beard, and meeting his blue eyes, "George, look away over in the nor'east! We've not really felt the storm yet!"

"See, dad, see! The tide's turned, and I must go!" was all the response. So George leaped into the boat, cast loose, and in a minute, with lugsail and foresail taut, was quietly passing down to the harbor bar between "the two points." Arrived there, instead of taking his usual short tacks, his father saw, with practiced eye, that the boy had seen the coming squall, for the boat headed due south and soon passed from view.

"The lad's not after much fish, to-day, I'm thinking," said the old man, sadly. "It's the Cregan Curse he has upon him — that one of each blood shall love and break their hearts once in every fifty years. He has it on him, and he's fighting with it. Our only boy!"

The word "our" seemed to remind him of his wife, Margaret, and he turned towards the cottage on the rock with the sea-weed garden deep below, where they lived; and as his rheumatic limbs ascended to his threshold, he sighed deeply. It was *then* but just past noon — though I said when I began, "it was eventide"; and he reached his home, and sat down upon the doorstep, and looked anxiously and eagerly at the clouds and the general aspect of the weather, and sat there, so doing, until it *was* eventide. As he looked for the boy's boat with a telescope, which hung within easy reach in the cottage, and saw George appear and reappear until he was scarcely recognizable in the offing, a heavy sigh of pleasure would now and then escape from his half-parted lips: each deft tack that the small lugger made among the "sea dogs" was noticed admiringly by old Orry.

The returning boat was just off the "Head," when Margaret came to the door. "Orry, where's George?" said she.

"Oh, he's out, Maggie! Out all right!" replied he, gently.

The old lady was near-sighted, and slightly deaf, and so only heard the word "out," for Orry's voice was a little tremulous.

"Is he anchored on the bar?"

"No. He's after mackerel to-day."

"Orry, your tone sounds to me like a good catch. Is he going to do well, to-day? Did you dress the boat well for him when he left? For," said she, in a somewhat apprehensive tone, "it seems to me the wind is rising, and," as she looked up at the clock, "the flow is on, and I would like to see the boy home. I would like to see the boy home. He can't surely be gone to leeward, to Mylchriest's Bay! Well!" exclaimed the old lady, arranging the reflector behind a bright colored light which she placed in the window, "if he is, I'm sorry for the boy to-night. There's *our* light-house."

Then Orry came in out of the growing darkness, and prodigiously slapped his wife Margaret on the back, thereby causing her a violent fit of coughing. "Maggie," said he, "do you put some supper on the table, while I go into the town to get some tobacco."

"Tobacco! Why you've got plenty! the box is half full!" exclaimed his wife. But he appeared not to have heard her, for he was gone, and was proceeding to the business portion of the town with more celerity than his rheumatic limbs had promised. Arrived there, he did purchase some smoking tobacco. Then, turning his steps in another direction, but towards Ballakillin Bay, a walk of about a quarter of a mile brought him to the house of Richard Cregan, a well-to-do fisherman, and owner of two boats, a lugger and a smack, which he and his sons worked between them.

The forefathers of the Clucases and the Cregans had been born and lived and married and begot children in Ballakillin for a traditionally long period; but neither family had attained

any special degree of affluence—unless the wealth of indomitable pride possessed by the Cregans may in some sort be considered as such. The Clucases were unswerving in their ideas of right, but the insolence of passion never appeared in their feudal dislike of the Cregans. Long, long ago, a Cregan and a Clucas had sought the same girl to wife, and the one who had won her was slain by the other; who some time afterwards married this girl, and when both were old, and he on his death-bed, confessed to his wife that the lover of her youth did *not* accidentally fall from the bluffs of Ballakillin Head down on the needle-rocks of Mylchriest's Bay, while getting eggs from the seabirds' nests, as had been supposed, but was pushed down by *him*, treacherously; whereon his aged listener had cursed him with such a fearful and prophetic curse, that, while she yet spake, he had fled from her in terrible fear and haste into the presence of his Maker. Whatever might be the intrinsic value or weight of this prophetic curse which this aged female ancestor of the Cregans had uttered, one thing is certain: the two families had never intermarried—though, perhaps from their propinquity, more than one couple of the younger members of the families had been discovered to have come to love one another, and (on the Cregan side) been well cursed for their folly and weakness, and at once forbidden to think any more of each other.

Old Orry rapped at the door with the head of his stick, and presently the door was opened by a tall, haughty-looking young woman, who was remarkable for an abundance of massive tresses of dark brown hair, and large slumbrous eyes which were a shade darker. Seeing three men seated on the opposite side of the room, engaged in mending a net, with a civil but cold greeting to Ellen Cregan, Orry pushed past her, and at once began to state his errand. Strangely and quaint enough his words must have sounded

in the ears of his listeners, as he leaned on his stick and confronted them.

"By this time George will be on the rocks in Mylchriest's Bay," he said.

With a hasty oath, the youngest Cregan sprang to his feet, and the other two looked up suddenly, with some excitement visible on their countenances; but Ellen stood perfectly still, and nothing but the glow which was fast lighting up her eyes betrayed that she had heard the words of their unwonted visitor.

"Tell us all about it!" said the young man fiercely, and the other two echoed his words.

Then Orry told them how George had been out in all the squalls that afternoon; how he had watched him all the while with his telescope, whenever he was in sight; that he had last seen him as he was trying to make Ballakillin Bay, off the "Head"; that finding he could not make the Bay, George was going about again on the starboard tack, to stand off, when a squall had struck him and wrapped his lugsail round the mast, and the sea had struck him on the beam just as he disappeared round the "Head" into Mylchriest's Bay, where, the old man added, as if with some faint hope, he would be sheltered from the wind, and might unstep his mast, if he could n't free his sail.

The Cregans, who by this time were swiftly preparing to go and render what assistance they could, had, one and all, but one question to ask: "What had possessed George to go out in the lugger alone, and especially when he must have seen the threatening weather?" But old Orry only shook his head sadly, until, as they set forth on their mission, he clutched John (the youngest) by the arm, and with a backward glance at Ellen, who stood in the doorway looking after them, he whispered in the young man's ear, "It is the *Curse* that's on him!"

John Cregan flashed a sudden piercing glance at the old man, but Orry did not notice it; he was too much oc-

cupied in picking his way, as he hobbled painfully along in the track of Richard Cregan, and William, the elder son.

"Is that why George did n't take the boy?" asked John.

"No. The boy is sick at home, and unable to work."

The two elder Cregans strode on ahead, and, notwithstanding a considerable amount of rope which they carried between them, in addition to a stout iron spike — which rope and spike were used in "bird's nesting" — were fast leaving their companions behind; when, just as they neared Clucas's cottage, they paused and waited for John and Orry to catch up with them, when Richard Cregan abruptly asked the latter if Margaret knew of George's danger.

"No!" exclaimed the old man. "That's what I wanted to speak about, only I forgot it in thinking of the boy. Twenty-one to-day! No. She thinks he's stood out into the Channel till the wind drops, or at least is all right somewhere. She thinks I'm gone into the town for some tobacco, and was getting supper ready when I came out."

"Just as well!" said the elder Cregan. And then he added, in a softer tone of voice, "You must go in and stay with her, Clucas; you are too lame to go along with us."

"I'm afraid I am," replied the old man. "I'll do as you say; only tell me what you are going to do."

"Of course he's on the rocks, dead or alive," said Richard, in his harsh, peremptory accents. Orry winced at the word "dead." "And being there, he must be got off, if we can find him." Orry winced again. "Now there's two good points, one in his favor, and one in ours as well: The tide could n't have been on the flow over an hour when you missed him round the Head. It would n't have covered the flat rocks *though* the wind was blowing off the water. And — it was n't quite dark. Then, the other point is *that*." He pointed to the horizon, where, far away

over the harbor bar, far away over many miles of angry water, the moon's disk was seen, rising clear and bright — its light seeming to shed itself in a glimmering pathway over the foam-topped waves; and set forth, in bold relief, on the right hand the frowning Head of Ballakillin, and on the left the sharp Point of Murchan, on whose summit the stunted fir trees were nodding and jostling one another in the dying northeast breeze. Orry saw what Cregan meant, without further words.

"Go in and get us George's birding line and spike, Orry. We've no time to lose!" said Will Cregan.

Orry went to a small outhouse where George kept all his fishing tackle, tools, and such things, and returned with a rope and spike similar to that of the Cregans. "God speed you, boys!" he said, as he stood for a few moments, watching them go at a kind of sling-trot down the slope of the hollow which intervened between him and the foot of Ballakillin Head. "God speed you!" Two big tears started from his eyes and ran down his weather-beaten face, and he could see clearly no longer; so he turned and hobbled into the cottage, where his wife sat awaiting his return.

"Maggie!" exclaimed he, ostentatiously dropping the paper of tobacco on the table; "you do n't know half the news! Who do you think is going to be married?" Then he mentioned the names of a young couple of the "town," who were contemplating matrimony.

"What a long time you've been! Why, I knew that a week ago. Where is George? Where *can* he be?"

"Oh, George?" said Orry, in a slow, matter-of-fact manner, which seemed to imply that any apprehensions as to his son's safety were far from his mind.

"Yes, George!" replied she, a little sharply.

"Why, of course he's out in the Channel. He'd have to wait until the moon rose before he'd try to come in,

with such a sea on. When I saw him last, just before dark, he could n't make the buoys for the wind, so he steered clear of the Head, and *went out to sea till the moon rose*. George is too good a seaman to risk his boat."

Margaret took her husband at his word; and having risen from her seat to trim the lamp in the window, so that her boy might see the bright signal-light when he came up the little bay, she sat down to supper with her husband, whereat Orry ate hugely, and talked incessantly — afterwards trollying a lively stave of a sea-ditty, in which the singer was set forth as having a wife in all the principal ports frequented by the merchant navy, and rejoicing in his polygamy. He then lighted his pipe and puffed forth volumes of smoke with much apparent satisfaction; and Margaret, after washing and putting away the supper things, laid down contentedly on a sort of pallet near the fireplace, and, while "waiting for George," slept.

* * * * *

Scarcely were the four men out of Ellen Cregan's sight, when the girl flung the door shut with a sudden burst of passion, and paced the room like a caged tigress for several minutes, with her hands tightly clenched, one in the other. Then she threw herself prone on the floor, and lay there moaning, with her face buried in her hands.

* * * * *

Surely the devil was in George Clucas that eventide, when he was so careless in going about on that starboard tack — so heedless in endeavoring, single-handed, to make the narrow passage between the buoys in that heavy sea and those dangerous, frequent gusts of wind. Orry had been wrong; there had only been a hitch in getting the lugsail 'round. Still it was almost a miracle that the boat was not swamped; she was driven upon her side, and all George could do was to steer her clear of the "Head," and head for the middle of Mylchriest's Bay while she still answered her helm,

which she would not do long, as the towering promontory of the "Head" now shut off the wind, and both sails were fluttering and flapping, empty, as if trying to shake out their reefs, while the boat drifted towards the fatal rocks on the heaving, angry, sulky tide. As the little lugger sped into the Bay, and slowly "righted" herself, half full of water, and her occupant, having made the helm fast, was stepping forward to clew up the lugsail, looking upwards he saw the light appear in the light-house, in the darkening twilight, and the thought struck him that his mishap had been seen, and that assistance might yet come to him in some shape. So thinking, he altered his helm, and with half frantic energy bailed out the water and flung out ballast. Then taking a short "sweep" in his hands, he headed the boat as well as he could for a certain part of the shore. "I'll see if I can make the Cregan rock. I can climb up out of reach of high water there," said he. More by good luck than seamanship, he was able to steer his boat towards the spot he wished to reach, and before many minutes had passed he was among the breakers on the flat rocks, just below the needles; and as the little lugger heeled over and filled when she struck, he had drawn a deep breath, clenched his teeth firmly, and, jumping clear of the boat, was fighting in the water, which, lifting him like a fragile toy, hurled him, bruised and bleeding, close to the foot of the needles; and then retreated, roaring, to gain strength for a fresh effort. Scarcely knowing what he did or how he did it, he gained his feet, and dashing forward over the slippery, sea-weed-covered rocks, he was conscious that he had gained the largest and most prominent of the needle rocks—the only one which had ever afforded a means of access to the bluffs from Mylchriest's Bay, without the aid of a birding-line. He knew that it was the fatal Cregan rock on which the Clucas of old had met his death at the hands of a Cregan. He

knew that he was clinging to a splinter at the base of the rock, with the energy and grip of desperation. He was conscious that one of his arms was quite useless, and that, feeling himself growing faint and sick, he made a great effort, and managed to scramble a part of the way up the precipitous path, but not to high-water mark by some distance. He felt his limbs refuse to support him, and instinctively reaching a jagged "needle," he clung to it with his sound arm, and resting against it, sank down half fainting. Then a sort of dreaminess came over him. He felt no desire to move, but heedless of the heavy wash of the swiftly rising tide, and the sullenly fierce breakers which threw up clouds of foamy spray just below him, he inertly watched the silvery pathway of the rays of the gradually rising moon. By the time the glittering disk was well above the horizon, he began to fancy that he could distinguish above the echoing roar of the breakers, the high pitched voices of sailors calling to one another; and he found himself wondering who they could be, and what they were doing there that night, and no boat in sight. An unusually ambitious wave just then outstripped its fellows, and drenched him with its spray. A piece of rock, about as large as he could have clasped his arms around, came bounding down the pathway from above, and narrowly missed striking his head; and he was pondering how it had been set going, when, with swift, cat-like, cautious step, the figure of a man appeared at his side, and instantly sent forth an eldritch screech, which was faintly answered from above. Raising his eyes, the moonlight showed him the form and features of John Cregan.

Helpless as George was, the task of getting him to the summit of the rocky bluffs was a slow and tedious operation; but the three Cregans accomplished it, and when, shortly afterwards, the big waves, driven by the tide and the heavy swell, broke over the Cregan

rock, it was to find that their prey had escaped from their grasp.

Leaving the tackle, which had done such good service, behind them for a while, they took their rescued waif home by slow degrees; and one of them then went to fetch the surgeon, while the other two returned to the bluffs for the lines and spikes.

Solemnly, and almost silently, Richard Cregan and his elder son delivered their charge into the quivering arms of his father; and having briefly answered Orry's few hasty questions, laying stress on the fact that it was owing to John having insisted on their going first to the place they did that George had been saved, they returned to the bluffs, as was said above, and brought home the lines and spikes.

Margaret's trouble when they had got George to bed in the next room was painful to witness. She had been quiet enough until then. An intense, reproachful gaze she fixed on her husband's tell-tale, guilty face, when she accused him and found that he had deceived her — had lied to her about George. "If I had known, I might have been saying my prayers for him; and you *did* know, and you never prayed at all! No! You enjoyed your supper more than ever, and sang, and smoked, and laughed."

"I was praying all the time, Maggie," said the old man humbly. But, somewhat after the manner of her of old, Margaret "refused to be comforted." "And you saw me put the signal-light in the window, and knew he was n't to see it, and said he was out in the Channel and safe!" she continued; and Orry bore all she said, and felt more guilty than ever, in that his love for her had led him to deceive his wife.

The surgeon found George badly

bruised, and with his right arm broken above the elbow. Fever set in, and for days he was delirious, and Richard Cregan more than once stood by his bed-side, with John, and heard the never-ended words of the Curse repeated over and over again by the lips of the unconscious sufferer, mingled and coupled with his daughter's name; and this set him to thinking, and he and John talked it over, when they were out in their lugger, fishing.

And one day, when George was convalescent, Richard Cregan came, and called Orry on one side, and, to his amazement, began to talk about the Curse. It seemed to him and John, he said, that a Cregan had saved the life of a Lucas; and that he and John thought that this put an end to the power of the Curse. "John," he said, "held that the Curse had never hurt anyone but the dying murderer; that it was bad feeling between the families that had broken what hearts had been broken. I can see it at home," continued Richard's harsh voice, warning; "my Ellen is fretting herself sick since George was hurt. The old tale is coming true with her and George! But John says truest; it is *our* faults for keeping up bad blood, and laying the blame on the wicked words of a passionate old woman mad with rage. And John, and me, — and Will," he added in a lower tone, for Will had but very reluctantly given his consent, "say that we would like you to tell George that if he wants Ellen, and she is willing to take him, we have nothing against it; and if you want any help about your new boat —"

* * * * *

And this was the last of the Cregan Curse.

W. H. Burdett.

SIR CHARLES DILKE AT HOME.

SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE is twenty - nine years old. That his name has so suddenly blazed upon the republican world, is neither so surprising nor so significant as that the blaze was kindled by so small, and perhaps so accidental, a spark. Startling splashes of cold water checked the progress, and a whole great prudent nation almost solidly combined to shut off every breath of air, and the obscure and sooty - handed stokers stopped in idle curiosity to watch the fevered Prince of Wales, and the senseless pageant of a nation, through its cervile press, bewailing the insignificant fate of nature's effigy of an effete royalty. Meanwhile the smouldering fire is burning deeper and wider, and more people grasping the two horns of the revolutionary dilemma, say to themselves, if England is not free, it ill comports with her assertions; if she is free, why not let her bear the emblems of freedom, rather than turn the chains of her old slavery into wrought and gilded ornaments? Why not place before her youth the symbols of individual endeavor?

In the Western States, when one wishes to give to a man the highest recommendation, he tells you he was born in Massachusetts, educated at Harvard College, and then came West. Were I to pay to a man the most unqualified compliment which my observation of these accidents of life would warrant, I should say he was born in the upper - middle - class intellectual ranks of English life, of Puritan parents who fought to establish freedom in their own country, that he was educated at Oxford or Cambridge, and afterward spent some time in the great Western Republic. This is Sir Charles Dilke's origin and outfit for life, only the latter is still more complete, for he has visited the Oriental nations and is familiar with modern Europe. None of these

conditions are trifling, or can afford to be left out of account in an attempt to give a comprehensive view of the young statesman, or to indicate the probable career that lies open before him.

I have no fear of contradiction in saying, the best type of upright and downright integrity is to be found in the old wealthy middle - class Britons. Their wealth has grown. Nature's processes have been neither forced nor subverted to bring them increase of goods. Justice has been so gracious and beneficent, they have never been tempted to step aside into the shorter paths to success. This habitual course, carried through successive generations, has begot in them a definite mental formula of mathematical rectitude. Experience has nowhere hinted to them that injustice is the better policy. This insures them a granite basis for the moral constitution, against which the winds and waves of life are almost powerless. Peculiarities in the intellectual aptitudes are of less certain descent, — or rather, so far in the world's history, each generation of men and women have subjected the capacities and appetites of their successors to the accidents of chance, or at best to the slow Darwinian principle of natural selection. In this hazard combination, if a youth has had the fortune to get large powers and keen mental appetites, a historic ancestry does a good deal for him. In old Roman houses were found the statues and busts of all the members of the family who had distinguished themselves — a privilege definitely granted by the State; and the claim of a family to honorable consideration depended upon the number of these. A more important purpose of this custom was to provide noble models which would serve to awaken the admiration and stimulate the ambition of each generation of youth. Coats of arms

carved and emblazoned on the walls and ceilings, served the same purpose in later times. Now these models are oftener more modestly wedged into our book-shelves; but an ambitious boy finds them, and from some unexplained reason, a brave deed, or an act of heroic self-sacrifice done by an ancestor, produces more effect upon his imagination than the greater doing and devotion of his contemporaries. A hint, with time for a misty perspective, and a giant hero springs up. The more these ancestral images are talked of, the more they become definite ideals moulding the character of the boy; and in no country, perhaps, would we find more positive traces of this than in England, where homes are so sacred and exclusive, and where class distinctions, based upon ancestry, are the determining principle in social life.

Sir Charles Dilke was born with large capacities, and into a family that held in reverence a Puritan ancestry who, through several generations, had been in the very van of the asserters and defenders of both civil and religious liberty. Elizabeth sent them three times to the Tower, and they sat in the Long Parliament that impeached and condemned Charles I., and they signed his death warrant. The family kept these ancestors in reverent memory, and the name Charles Wentworth Dilke has descended from father to oldest son through a long series of generations; not only this, but a part of the common family inheritance has been apportioned to the younger sons, who also bear the name of Wentworth. Paul and Peter Wentworth* were eminent men in the parliaments of Elizabeth. They gave Her Majesty much trouble because they interfered with what she was pleased to consider her private affairs. Hallam calls these men "the bold, plain-spoken, and honest, but not very judicious, Wentworths," and says, "they were the most undaunted asserters of civil liberty in

this reign." In the records of the Parliament of 1575 we find Sir Peter Wentworth's speech in behalf of the liberties of the House, given in full. He says: "I find within a little volume these words in effect: 'Sweet is the name of liberty, but the thing itself a value beyond all inestimable treasure.' So much the more it behooveth us to take great care lest we, contenting ourselves with the sweetness of the name, lose and forego the thing." "Two things do great hurt in this place. The one is a rumor which runneth about, saying, 'Take heed what you do, the Queen liketh not such a matter; whosoever preferreth it, she will be offended with him,' or the contrary, 'Her Majesty liketh such a matter, whosoever speaketh against it she will be much offended with him.' The other, a message is brought into the House, either commanding or inhibiting, very injurious to the freedom of speech and consultation. I would to God these Rumors and Messages were buried in hell, for wicked they are; the devil was the first author of them, from whom proceedeth nothing but wickedness. Greatly were these speeches to Her Majesty's dishonor. Solomon saith, 'The king's displeasure is a messenger of death;' this is terrible to a weak nature, for who is able to abide the fierce countenance of his prince?" "It is both traitorous and hellish through flattery to seek to devour our natural prince." "None is without fault, no, not our noble Queen, since she hath committed great fault. Love, ever perfect love, void of dissimulation, will not suffer me to bide them to Her Majesty's peril."

Sir Peter sets forth unflinchingly the Queen's errors, and pours out scathing rebukes upon the lying flatterers who make "traitorous sugared speeches," and "send to Her Majesty a melting heart that will not stand for reason." He scores the members for the policy of voting with their leaders, rather than "as the matter giveth cause." Hallam says "he taxed the Queen with ingratitude."

* I believe our American Wentworths are a branch from the same family.

itude and unkindness to her subjects, in a strain perfectly free from disaffection, but of more rude censure than any king would put up with." The records say, "Mr. Wentworth was not allowed to finish his speech, and was given into the custody of the Sarjeant as prisoner, till he would be examined next day before a Committee of Parliament, who might see what he could say in extenuation of his fault." The Committee came no nearer to getting an apology from him than to hear, "I heartily repent me, that I have hitherto held my peace in these causes, and I do promise you all, if God forsake me not, that I will never during my life hold my tongue, if any message is sent in wherein the liberties of Parliament are impeached; and every one of you ought to repent you of these faults, and to amend them." He assures the Committee that twenty times and more when he was preparing this speech he saw the place whither it would lead him, but that his conscience, his duty as a faithful subject, would not allow him to turn aside from a straight course to avoid prison. When asked by the Committee why he had not uttered his accusations in better times, he replied: "Would you have me to have done as you of Her Majesty's Privy Council do, to utter a weighty matter in such terms as she should not have understood? To have made a fault then would have done Her Majesty no good, and my intent was to do her good." "I will never confess that to be a fault to love the Queen's Majesty while I live; neither will I be sorry for giving Her Majesty warning to avoid danger while the breath is in my body." Mr. Wentworth was committed to the Tower by the decision of Parliament, where he remained a little more than a month, when "Her Majesty was graciously pleased to remit her justly occasioned displeasances," and he returned to his seat in the House.

Both Sir Peter Wentworth and his brother Paul insisted upon keeping the control of the religious affairs in the

hands of Parliament. In a former session, Sir Peter had been sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury as a messenger, concerning the Articles of Religion that had passed the Houses. The Archbishop asked why certain articles had been set aside. He replied that they had no time to examine how they agreed with the Word of God. The Archbishop intimated that those matters were to be referred to his order; whereupon came the spirited reply, "No, by the faith I bear to God, we will pass nothing before we understand what it is; for that were but to make you popes. Make you popes who'llist, we will make you none." In his speech from which I have quoted, Sir Peter says: "I have heard of old Parliament men, that the banishment of the Pope and Popery and the Restoration of true Religion had their beginning from this House, and not from the Bishops; and I have heard that few laws for Religion had their foundation from them."

At the opening of the next Parliament, on the motion of Mr. Paul Wentworth, the Commons appointed a public fast, and daily preaching in the morning before the sitting of the House. The Queen sends a message censuring the House for attempting such an innovation without first knowing her pleasure, "nevertheless of her inestimable good disposition and most gracious clemency, Her Majesty construeth the offence and contempt to be rash, unadvised, and proceeding from zeal, and not of willful and malicious intent, imputing the cause thereof to her own lenity towards the brother of that man which now made this motion, who in the last session was by the House justly reprehended and committed, but by Her Majesty graciously pardoned and restored again." In the session of 1588, when a bill to adopt a new form of Common Prayer was suppressed, Sir Peter Wentworth introduced a series of questions respecting the liberties of the House, which he requested the Speaker to read. The

Speaker did not think proper to put the questions to the House, but passed them over to a committee, and Mr. Wentworth was again committed prisoner to the Tower. How or when he was released, the parliamentary journal omits to mention. Hallam says of Sir Peter's trial before the parliamentary committee, "He not only behaved with intrepidity, but according to his own statements reduced them to confess the truth of all he advanced." The difficulty Her Majesty experienced in suppressing Sir Peter may have been made more complicated by the fact that he had married the sister of the great Sir Francis Walsingham, her Secretary of State, whom the historians call the most refined politician and most penetrating statesman of his age, and of whom Elizabeth said, "in diligence and sagacity he exceeded her expectations." The public career of this Sir Peter Wentworth, compared with that of his descendant, Sir Charles Dilke, shows a strange reversal of progress in the liberty of free discussion between the sixteenth and nineteenth century.

The grandson of this Sir Peter Wentworth was the Sir Peter Wentworth whom we find in the Long Parliament, and who was one of the judges that condemned Charles I., though his name does not appear on the death-warrant. One of his sisters married the brother of Bradshaw, the Lord President of the High Court of Justice that tried Charles I., and who told the King, when he refused to recognize the Court on the ground that he was himself the fountain of all law, that "the people were the source of all rights"; and again, when Cromwell, backed by his soldiers, had dissolved Parliament, Bradshaw said to him: "We have heard what you did, and all England shall know it. Sir, you are mistaken in thinking Parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves. Take you notice of that." A second sister of Sir Peter Wentworth married Fisher Dilke, an almost mad Puritan, one of the Fifth

Monarchy men — religious zealots who in Barebone's Parliament set apart eight men to seek the Lord in prayer, while the others deliberated and tried to make the law of Moses the law of the land; faithful fanatics, doomed to be surprised a little later by a message from Cromwell saying, "You may go elsewhere to seek the Lord; for to my certain knowledge he has not been here these many years."

Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke is the direct descendant of this Puritan, Fisher Dilke, and Sybil Wentworth, who was the sister of the regicide Sir Peter Wentworth, and the granddaughter of Sir Peter of Elizabeth's Parliament, by his wife Elizabeth, the sister of Walsingham. On his mother's side, Sir Charles is descended from Cawley, another regicide, whose name appears on the death-warrant of Charles I.

Ten years ago there were three contemporary Charles Wentworth Dilkes. The grandfather was still holding his place in the admiring and reverent affection of London literary men. Away from the eye of the public, but well known from his essays in critical literature and his accomplished and successful journalism, he had enjoyed the rare fortune of being the intimate and trusted friend of more than two generations of gifted men. Both as editor and proprietor, he had made for the "Athenæum" its unrivalled position in critical journalism, and at the same time had secured both its popularity and its financial success by reducing the price from a shilling to fourpence. He was a master of the best English, acute in analysis, but with a degree of æsthetic feeling that made him an artist in composition. He was the literary executor of Keats, Hood, and Lamb. What need have we to say more of his qualities as a friend, of his intellectual tastes, or of his radical principles? His son, the late Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, devoted his life to the interests of various learned societies and schemes for promoting the union between Art and Indus-

try. He was prominent in the Society of Arts; and the Royal Horticultural Society was said to owe much of its prosperity to him. In this work he became acquainted with Prince Albert, whom he assisted in carrying forward many of the great schemes for public improvement associated with the Prince's name. He was one of the leading promoters of the great Exhibition of 1851. In return for his services in this, he was offered by the Queen the honor of a knighthood, and by the Royal Commission a large pecuniary reward. Both these he declined, wishing his services to be wholly gratuitous. Later he was engaged in the Exhibition of 1862; and after the death of Prince Albert, the Queen conferred upon him a baronetcy. In 1865 he was elected to the House of Commons. Three years later he died at St. Petersburg, whither he had gone to represent his county at the great Horticultural Exhibition. The present Charles Wentworth Dilke succeeded to his father's title; but his tastes were modelled rather after those of his grandfather, whose companion and *protege* he had been during his boyhood. Such were the ancestral images on which the young eyes of Charles Dilke looked, and such were the memories that gave a magic charm to his grandfather's home before he left it for Trinity College, Cambridge.

At the University he becomes the medal oarsman. He takes a scholarship in mathematics, and all the prizes for English composition. A notice of him just before his entrance into Parliament says: "At Cambridge Mr. Dilke came out first, in the first class of the law tripos of 1865; and while at the University he was twice Vice President and twice President of the Union Society—an unprecedented course of dignities." Full of power and energy, an early awakened ambition had already settled into a definite plan for a public career. No one who knew his antecedents need have asked either the direction or color of his political aspi-

rations. A fated hand had held the pencil and dipped the brush. He must get into Parliament. The British Constitution might be a clumsy old stage coach, but nothing could get on that was not crowded into it, or tossed on the top, or hung on the outside. His plan settled, his route determined, his equipments must be complete. When he leaves the University he takes with him the benefit of about all that England can do to fit a young man to lead his contemporaries to great achievements in virtue, intelligence, and social well-being. His aspirations have been quickened by contact with the best minds, his capacities have become available through careful training, and by an intimate acquaintance with the best methods by which human development, both in individuals and in masses, is effected; and he has acquired a manliness of character, that enables him to resist the warping influences of society. Still there is another need. There is a largeness of sympathy that is not born of this Puritan absoluteness of justice. There is a respect for individual rights, a high-bred unobtrusiveness not favorable to the indulgence of genial and friendly service. The broadest justice has its origin in a sense of the common brotherhood, rather than in the law of pre-occupation. The kindliness, not of principle, but of fellow-feeling, gets little encouragement in a society where high walls shut in one class and shut out every other class. This is likely to be the great want of the best Englishman. He may have the broadest latitude and liberalism in idea, but if he *feels* that all men are his brothers—that is, if he chances to have broad and warm personal sympathies—it must be counted to him as a gift of grace; for, by nature, he has a stout aversion to rubbing against humanity as it masses itself up. He has been deprived of a varied and close contact with people—the only means by which we acquaint ourselves with the peculiar wants in the different phases

of life. He may know what people need, but he has to learn that their needs can be supplied only by indulging their wants; that morally as well as physically we must trust to the appetite to determine the digestible diet. This flintiness of character needs only to be triturated in the crowd to become pliable clay. I cannot say whether young Dilke, fresh from Cambridge life and honors, had been born of grace in these matters, or was still a child of English nature: but assuming him to have been the latter, his travel and observations in America would have given him the better faith founded upon works. The men who pick stones out of the New England soil and lay them in fences, he would have recognized as his peers in all the native essentials of manhood. In Western business men he would have found a clear-sighted efficiency and practical philanthropy that make them more than his peers as active agents in the development of human society. Among the miners of the Pacific Coast mountains, he would have seen simple humanity asserting its independence and right to dominion on the earth. Whatever reverence he might have had for the divine inheritance of culture and morality, would then have passed over into that larger religion which feels with all men, not kinship, but brotherhood — a religion that has waited two thousand years for a democracy to vitalize.

Study and association with leading minds had given Dilke the mastery of the principles of modern thought. Following in the utilitarian philosophy of Mill, he had no dainty fear of the boldest principles in science; he had even learned to derive the lines of social development from the more strongly-marked lines of physical development. Thoroughly inducted into the Baconian-English method of compounding principles out of facts, we find him in 1866, at the age of twenty-three, starting on a voyage around the world, with as complete

an equipment for foreign travel as a young man can have. The records of this journey are given to the public in two volumes, entitled "Greater Britain," published in 1868. The preface says: "In 1866-7 I followed England round the world. Everywhere I was in English-speaking or English-governed lands. If I remarked that climate, soil, manners of life, that mixture with other peoples, had modified the blood, I saw, too, that in essentials the race was always one. In America, the people of the world are being fused together, but they are run in an English mould. If two small islands are by courtesy styled 'Great,' America, Australia, India, must form a 'Greater Britain.'" The first volume is wholly given to America. It is meagre praise of this to say that it is sober good sense, with entire freedom from exaggeration; and yet no other expression will so well characterize it. In saying this, I mean far more than I am likely to be understood to mean; for I mean the largest compliment — not simply that the account evinces clear thinking; that may be narrow: it is comprehensive thinking. There is rare penetration in getting at the germs of things, in discriminating between the essential and the accidental, and in referring the latter to their determining conditions. The absence of exaggeration, the rapid summing up of details, and the steady march to the statement of general laws, leaves you unwilling to believe the book was produced by so young a man. Everywhere you are met by a breadth of intelligence and maturity of judgment wholly unexpected from a man of his years. Anyone who reads the book is bound to call it an unprejudiced, straightforward, statesmanlike series of observations upon very widely-diversified incidents in human society. Sir Charles Dilke ceases to be a sensationalist as soon as you have read his "Greater Britain." He seems like a man who, from some central and elevated position, has for a long time been watching

the conflicts of political life, rather than like one who is just writing a thesis to evince his eligibility for such a position—for such the book must be regarded. He has visited English-speaking countries to prepare him for English statesmanship, and he writes the book to give convincing proof of his fitness to enter upon the work. All subjects that agitate political thought, and which statesmen and socialists are manipulating, are there either directly or incidentally passed in a candid and open-handed review. You know his opinions both as to principles and lines of policy, and you feel that they are founded upon careful observation and independent study. You find him the broadest republican. You would not suspect that he needed to mention it in a Newcastle speech in order to have it understood, or, having mentioned it, that it would have created any surprise. He discusses the relations between England and her colonies with a boldness that evinces his belief in testing truth in the full light, and his distrust of that holiness that keeps itself in dark places. He believes governments to be instituted for the good of the governed; and when they cease to be of service, or to do the best service, no more reverence should attach to them than to any other worn-out machine. He is a true Britain in his reverence for the Anglo-Saxon race; but in sympathy he belongs to the universal Briton, not "Great Britain." He says, "Through America, England is speaking to the world." He hints at a probable future confederation of the whole English race; and more than intimates that he has no fears of communism, a relation that must come about in the ulterior development of society. His observations upon American society are the results of a quick-sighted comprehension that makes them far more than entertaining, even to an American. Everywhere the wonder must be that he sees America just as Americans do. He effects, as it were, a metempsychosis; and is at

once the companion of the man with whom he is speaking. His broad democracy appears in the following: "If it be true that New York drawing-rooms are the best guarded in the world, it is also true that entrance is denied as rigidly to intellect and eminence as to wealth. Mere cliqueism, disgusting everywhere, is ridiculous in a democratic town. Its rules of conduct are as much out of place as gold scabbards on a battle-field, or kid gloves in the bushes of Australia. Good meat and drink and air give strength to the men and beauty to the women of a moneyed class; but in America these things are the inheritance of every boy and girl, and give to no class advantage in the world. Without special merit of some kind, there can be no such thing as aristocracy. Many American men and women, who have too little nobility of soul to be patriots and too little understanding to see that theirs is already in many points the master-country of the globe, come to you and bewail the fate which has caused them to be born citizens of a republic and dwellers in a country where men call vices by their names. The least educated of their countrymen, the only grossly vulgar class that America brings forth, they fly to Europe 'to escape democracy,' and pass their lives at Paris and Nice, living libels on the country they are believed to represent."

Dilke's object in this journey was to acquaint himself with different social systems. He meant to investigate without prejudice all schemes that claimed to have human welfare as their object. He was eager to see and know, caring little what the sight might be, or whither the bearing of the knowledge. In his contact with people, there is everywhere manifested the kindest feeling. In the whole book there is not one sneer at the coarsest phase of life or expression, not one doubt about the possibilities of anything wrapped up in human garb, no vulgar pity even for a weighted hu-

manity, towards which he stretches out the strong arm of sympathy to relieve it of its burden. A straightforward earnestness has no room for egotism or self-congratulation.

In style, the book is the directest English. It is as free from superfluity in expression as from extravagance in thought. There are no aphorisms, no epigrams. His thought finds no occasion for this partial and one-sided expression. His sentences flow in a fuller, broader, and more philosophical form. One feels a little surprise at the absence of enthusiasm; but it must be remembered that enthusiasm is disproportionate appreciation, and the perfect balance that we find in Dilke's mind is so unusual that the normal strikes us at first as abnormal. One might almost say the loftiest aspiration seemed wanting. But again, this must be understood to be aspiration of the common type—a longing for something in the way of which stand impassable difficulties.

A marked thing with Dilke is, he sees no difficulties. Nature's aims are clearly defined, and her movements steadily progressive: nothing can stop them or change their direction. The most that can be done is to retard or hasten them a little. As far as his strength and insight can go, they shall not be retarded; and, God willing, they shall be hastened. He is too practical to wish to cut through a mountain when it is better to go round it. This is Dilke as he dashes through highway and by-way round the world, with a litheness and energy of muscle that not only defies, but almost courts, fatigue and hardship. This is Dilke as he records himself in 1866-7, and as at twenty-four he writes his certificate for admission to Parliament.

This very year a new Parliament is formed, and Charles Wentworth Dilke becomes one of the successful candidates for the representation of his own borough. This is London "West-End," and contains the lion's share of the intellect of England. Here live the

men of letters, the greatest lawyers and most successful merchants, the artists who have given fame to the English school of painting, and the flower of London artisans,—a constituency important for its numbers, wealth, intelligence, and liberalism. In one of Dilke's speeches preceding this election, we find the following characterization of Mr. Disraeli: "He is a politician with a consistent hatred of nothing except consistency, wanting in consistency as a statesman, nevertheless consistent as a mere politician. The principle that has guided him through his political career may be expressed in three propositions. The first of these is, that the Whigs shall not have a monopoly of reform; the second, that the Tory party is the national or popular party of England; the third, that Mr. Disraeli is the natural leader of the Tory party, and therefore of the English people. There is a well known way of meeting a sound argument—namely, by flatly contradicting it; but there is a less known way, and one that is far more effective, which is that invariably made use of by Mr. Disraeli. He takes the argument as it stands, and merely puts into it a 'not,' or leaves out one, and then states the whole as an argument on the other side." The next year Dilke is chosen by Parliament to second the address to the Queen. This honor is usually conferred upon a young member, in recognition of the importance of his constituency and the promise he gives of an influential Parliamentary career. The occasion is simply found, and the young Parliamentarian deputed himself well, in that he was becomingly modest; and the event is only to be remembered from the circumstance that the choice was a marked compliment, and the young radical appeared in court dress, a costume prescribed for the occasion, and also requisite for admission to state dinners. So far in his Parliamentary career, youth and inexperience have made him for the most part

a listener and learner rather than a leader. He has always voted with the extreme Radicals. He was one of the Radical trinity who, led by Peter Taylor, opposed the dowry for the Princess Louise; and again of the same three, with eight more added, who opposed the grant to Prince Arthur. These men said, "We have no right to give away the people's money, except for past or prospective service to the state. Make your private gifts as you like; the public purse is not in your hands under so broad a trust."

Meanwhile, Dilke is planning for himself more important work; and at the close of the session in August, 1871, he has already mapped out a campaign in agitation of the claims for equality of representation. As the House of Commons consists of a definite number of members, on the occasion of the extension of the franchise in the Reform Bill of 1867, it became necessary to make a redistribution of seats. A long and difficult struggle ensued between the property monopolists and the advocates of individual representation. Some changes were made in the direction towards an equal representation of the voters, but the promoters of the bill claimed "to do only what was necessary, and what would satisfy." Great compromises were made, and powerful checks placed upon the democracy in the form of very great inequalities in the different constituencies, so that some seats in Parliament represent not only three or five times as many voters as others, but even reaching in the most extreme case the remarkable ratio of one to one hundred and thirty-two. At Manchester, November 3d, Dilke addressed a large meeting upon the subject, in which he shows not only that there is no security that the opinions of the voters are accurately represented in the House of Commons, but that on many occasions they are grossly misrepresented; and this not from failure on the part of members to do their duty to their constituents, but from the

conditions under which the House is elected. He shows that while on the preceding 14th of August, the Government carried their measure respecting the "Contagious Diseases Acts," by a majority of fifty-eight to forty-six, these forty-six members represented 741,000 voters, and the fifty-eight only 324,000; and not only this, but that twenty-five of the fifty-eight majority were paid Government officials. He says that it may be stated in general terms, but with great accuracy, that on all radical divisions against the Government these proportions hold good; and that Radical members are elected on the average by 10,000 voters, and the Government supporters, each of them, on the average, by 6,000. He shows that the clause of the "Ballot Bill," which provided for throwing the expenses of the elections upon the constituencies, thereby rendering it possible for poor men to come into Parliament, was lost by a vote of 160 against 256; and yet the minority in Parliament represented the majority of voters. He cites a long series of cases, showing that if the division lists are examined with care, multiplied instances show these startling results; and not only this, but that in innumerable cases where a minority is so small in Parliament as to seem insignificant, when referred back to the voters it becomes a very large and important minority. In this compromise of power between individuals and wealth, the densely populated, and hence the poorer and more radical districts, are least adequately represented; and the consequence is that radical measures are most likely to suffer from this inequality of representation. To avoid the possibility of having a measure supported by a majority of voters defeated by a majority of members, seemed the first step to be taken taken towards a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Three days later, Dilke addresses another large meeting at Newcastle, where he is announced to speak

upon "Representation and Royalty." As his Manchester speech had been very fully and widely reported, he assumes that his audience knows his views upon Representation, and passes at once to the discussion of Royalty, through two side-issues raised in his Manchester speech. He first considers the importance of the very small minorities in the divisions upon the "Dowry to the Princess Louise" and the "Annuity to Prince Arthur." This leads to the consideration of the cost of Royalty, in which he reviews the various expensive sinecure offices, and large collateral allowances made in view of the munificent pageantry of an old-time Court — a Court which in the present time would be neither in harmony with the tastes of the Royal family nor with the moral tone of English society; and yet the offices are filled (thirty-two doctors for the Royal family, a Lord High Almoner, whose duties consist in giving away, on certain mysterious days, silver two-penny pieces, coined especially for him at the mint, Sub-Almoner, Hereditary Grand Almoner, Master of the Buckhounds, and a Hereditary Grand Falconer, with a salary of £1,200); and the moneys continue to be appropriated — £172,000 for tradesmen's bills, a purpose adequately significant only for a Court that maintains a splendid and munificent hospitality.

As the incumbents of a large number of these offices hold seats in one or the other of the Houses of Parliament, and as their occupancy is wholly within the Royal patronage, Dilke shows that it provides an inviting basis for a large amount of political corruption, and gives to the ministry unwarrantable power in a representative body. After showing that the expenditure upon these offices brings no profit and much mischief, since they are notoriously made use of for political purposes, he maintains that there can be no doubt but that the Queen has the power to abolish these offices, and that it is the duty of the

ministers to advise her to do so. He further asserts that the savings thus secured should be passed over to the public treasury, and not to the Queen's purse; and also that the savings arising from the diminished expenses of the Court should find the same receptacle, in accordance with the spirit of the compact entered into with the Crown at the commencement of the present reign. He in no way implicates the integrity or morality of the Queen, but only asks "whether there has not been a diversion of public moneys, for which the advisers of the Crown are responsible, almost amounting to malversation?" He runs through a good many details of expenditure, given in a newly published pamphlet entitled "What does she do with it," and at the close says: "Institutions are not good or bad in themselves, so much as good or bad when judged by their working; and we are told that a limited monarchy works well. I set aside, in this speech, whether in this country a republic would work better; but I confess freely that I doubt whether, if the charges to which I have to-night alluded [referring to the pamphlet] are well founded, the monarchy should not set its house in order. There is a wide-spread belief that a republic here is only a matter of education and time. History and experience show that you cannot have a republic without you possess at the same time republican virtues; but you answer, Have we not public spirit? Have we not the practice of self-government? Are we not gaining general education? Well, if you can show me a fair chance that a republic here will be free from the political corruption that hangs about the monarchy, I say, for my part — and I believe the middle class in general will say — let it come."

I quote this in full, as it was the little fire-brand, to quench which all the great national fire-engines were put at high-pressure work, and to their aid all the boys, idlers, and rowdies contributed their usual service. The words

scarcely give ground for a conjecture whether the speaker thinks, in the existing conditions of the country, a republican form of government would be preferable. He simply mentions it as a question that is being widely considered, and one that deserves to be considered, if there is in it a promise of greater freedom from political corruption, intimating at the same time that there may be some doubt as to whether the requisite basis for a republic is well established. The reception of this speech by the people and the press of the country is already well known; the heated and scathing abuse that came in torrents upon him, while only a tiny sun-shade was raised to protect him; but this was held in hard brawny hands, by muscles inured to patient hardship. Doubtful of the wisdom of his course, even sympathetic old friends could scarcely breathe upon him a blessing. He stood alone among the nation's counsellors; not deaf to the Pandemonium curses, but undaunted, and reserved not only to repeat what he had said, but to make a clean-handed avowal of his personal convictions, above and beyond his political action. And at Leeds, seventeen days later (November 23d), he addresses an audience of five thousand, and reviews what he had said at Newcastle, in contrast with the garbled reports of his speech, giving fuller expression to his aims and motives in discussing equality of representation and reduction of state expenditure.

The "Standard" had charged him with having made "many reckless assertions, some of which were utterly at variance with truth, while others distorted facts to an extent entirely inconsistent with education and sincerity." Other papers had varied their form of abuse, introducing ridicule and personal invective; but the pith of the charge was in general not different from that which I have quoted from the "Standard." In reply to this he says: "I went into details upon these matters; I have received abuse for my pains, but

no kind of answer. I made use of a mass of figures, and none of these figures have been erased or even altered."

"What have I said that was untrue? and what attack have I made upon the Queen? I have nothing to alter, but I have to complain that two-thirds of what I said on that occasion has been suppressed; and while I care nothing for the ridiculous cry of 'treason,' I do care a great deal for the charge of having used discourteous words towards the Queen. The papers have spoken of my having made use of the word 'malversation.' I accused no one of malversation. I quoted from a pamphlet in which the Commissioners of the Treasury are accused of malversation." "I showed an expenditure of a million pounds a year upon the Court. I showed that the expenditure was not so much a waste as a mischief, and that it would be worth two millions a year to get rid of the mischief which some portion of that one million wrought." "A large portion of the offices of the Household are made use of for political purposes, the holders of them having seats in the House of Commons or the House of Lords; and many of them are indirectly made use of for the same purpose, being given to relations of the great Whig or Tory nobles, as the case may be." "The Queen has not the power, if she has the will, to abolish these sinecure offices." "The Queen has no choice in the matter; she is, by the very spirit of our Constitution, unable on such matters to express her own opinion, and it would be the height of cruelty and unmanliness to attempt to make her responsible for the acts of successive ministers." "I wish, however, never to speak of these sinecures, and of the saving by their abolition, without making it distinctly understood that my objection to them was not on account of the money they cost, but on account of the miserable political and moral tone set by their retention." "The objection to the sinecures that hang about the Court, is no objection to

Royalty itself." "To do nothing but cry out Loyalty, and abuse those who demand reform, is a sorry way of defending constitutional monarchy." "I am not engaged in a republican agitation, though a sincere republican." "If revolution means anything, it means a minority of the people imposing their will upon the majority by force; and if it means that, no one could be a more determined opponent of revolution than a republican." "To hear what is said of those who dare to raise this question, one would think that republicanism meant robbery, murder, fire-raising; whereas it means nothing more nor less than choice by merit." "The papers began to write before they had so much as heard what I had to say. I speak not for others, but speaking for myself, I should be a republican if a republic were more costly than a monarchy. I think the training that you can give to the young under a republic is nobler in its absolute substitution of merit for birth than any training that is compatible with monarchy. I consider that the mere fact that every place in the government of a republic is accessible to every citizen, is of itself of enormous value as a moral lever. I believe we can love and worship the idea of the State of which we are the citizens less well in the form of a kingdom than in that of a republic. I am of opinion that a constitutional monarchy is a good government for children, and a republic a good government for grown men." "I am inclined to adopt the view of Bentham, who, in the preface to his 'Constitutional Code,' speaks of reform in England as 'an effecting of amelioration by gradual changes, which, in so far as they are conducive to the professed end, will be so many approaches toward Republicanism.'"

A few weeks after occurred the famous meeting at Bolton. Time enough had intervened since the Newcastle and Leeds speeches for concerted and well-planned action on the part of the Conservative "roughs." They were to

pack the hall, choke down radicalism, and muzzle its mouth. The promoters of the meeting, getting wind of this, arranged for admittance by ticket. Not to be outdone, the ruffian mob forged *fac similes*. Shrewd detectives guarded the door, and only a few of them got into the hall, leaving the mass to their infernal plots and beastly daring outside. The town authorities had been previously apprized of the danger, and warned to have a protective force on the spot; but they were not there. The meeting began. Inhumanly human hisses and yells drowned the voice of the speaker. Stones and brickbats came whizzing through the windows. Benches were torn up and hurled at men's heads, or sent flying in indefinite directions. Messages were sent for policemen; but they came tardily, or not at all. The Radicals, gaining the ascendant, quelled and dispersed the mob; but scarcely a pane of glass was left unshattered. William Scofield, a Radical, was carried out, to die a few days later, the victim of this fiendish fury; and many others were injured.

Dilke, who during this storm of missiles had without flinching, kept his place upon the platform, with only a small body-guard about him, now finished his speech. How far Conservatives above the mobocracy were implicated in this, it is impossible to say. Unquestionably many winked at it; and that they gave it more positive countenance we are bound to infer from the action of the town authorities. Legal investigations have been going on ever since, and a bill has been introduced into Parliament to make the inquiries more searching.

A few days later, George Odger, a leading workingman Radical, spoke at Reading. In a recent pamphlet, entitled "Republicanism *versus* Monarchy," he refers to the scenes that occurred in the following language: "At Reading I myself by an almost imperceptible margin escape death from the hands of an infuriated host of savages,

while Sir Charles Dilke has been subjected to no end of dangers."

These results counselled caution, even to the most valiant. A conflict was arising which was not only dangerous to life, but was, through its reaction, liable to impose checks upon progress.

In his annual speech before his constituents, February 19th, Dilke says: "I have been accused of having made false statements; I have been accused of bad taste; I have been accused of treason and of violation of my oath; and I have been accused of making personal attacks upon the Queen. In short, I know of no crime that can be committed by a public man, of which I have not been accused in certain of the papers." "I had intended to make only a portion of one speech upon the cost of the Court. I found my statements were attacked, and I availed myself of an opportunity of repeating and defending them, speaking only twice upon the subject. But, on the other hand, I declined invitations from no less than twenty-one great towns to address large meetings upon similar points." "A motion will shortly be made in the House of Commons which will enable me again to repeat the statements that I have made." Dilke opens this speech by reference to the "American Case," and broadly assumes the American ground, not only that the Treaty does not exclude the indirect claims, but that England ought to be willing to submit the whole matter to arbitration, suggesting that it is well for them to remember by whom the trouble was brought about. I find him taking the same ground in discussing the question in his "Greater Britain." I know no other voice in England that spoke even courteously of the "American Case." This speech fully sustains any expectations his most ardent admirers could have entertained. The "Daily News" called it a manly speech. I should call it the manliest of speeches. He sets before them all the principles he has been contending

for in the several speeches of his autumn campaign. So far from retracting, he seems at every point to have gained momentum. The majestic earnestness is almost paternal in tone, and has the air rather of a good shepherd who is assuring and quieting his fold, than of a prodigal and inconsiderate youth who returns for the compassionate sympathy of friends. Had one's faith hitherto wavered respecting the young republican, that speech would have clinched the last nail. Plain words had evidently been neither an accident nor a vagary of youth. But that the public expression of a personal preference for republican principles—principles which every intelligent man in England holds, both in his conscience and in his anticipations, and against which he justifies the present state of thing only on the ground of immediate policy—would have awakened such frenzy, or have enkindled such a blaze of incense before the decaying idols, no man could have foreseen.

John Stuart Mill says of his countrymen: "The English are fond of boasting that they do not regard the theory, but only the practice of institutions; but their boast stops far short of the truth: they actually prefer that their theory should be at variance with their practice. If anyone proposed to them to convert their practice into a theory, he would be scouted. It appears to them unnatural and unsafe, either to do the thing which they profess, or to profess the thing which they do. A theory which purports to be the very thing intended to be acted upon, fills them with alarm; it seems to carry with it a boundless extent of unforeseeable consequences. This disagreeable feeling they are only free from when the principles laid down are obviously matters of convention, which it is agreed on all parts are not to be pressed home."

It was not so much Sir Charles Dilke who opened the discussion of Republicanism *versus* Monarchy, or rather reopened it from former years, as it

was the march of events, and the full tide of public feeling. The discussion of the "Army Bill," which disclosed the potency and mischief of Court patronage; of the "Dowry" and "Prince Arthur Annuity," which brought into forcible view the obligation to support useless members of Royalty as ostensible national ornaments; of the "Ballot Bill," with its two-sided dangers and the consequent pressure of moral bribery under which the workingmen voters live; of the Education Act, which revealed a knitted and selfish opposition to the interests of the working classes—all these subjects, which engrossed the last session of Parliament, and which, from their extreme difficulty, almost swamped the Liberal government, necessarily raised the question whether governments existed for the protection of men or property. It is to be hoped that there will be little occasion for martyrdom in the irresistible march of this movement in England; but I have little doubt that Sir Charles Dilke has the physical courage and moral fortitude to be a martyr if the occasion demands it, and at the same time the manly prudence that leads him to prefer to use his life, rather than offer it as a useless sacrifice to a destructive haste and foolhardy boldness.

Whether the recent agitation, with its excited results, has, on the whole, been advantageous to progress, seems quite questionable to the most radical English mind. I can but be more positive, and say that in bringing the question into the public mouth and before the public ear, it has passed it up from private suffrages to a recognized position, and in this has done great service, even at the price of increased vigilance on the part of the custodians of Conservatism.

Some suggest, at the mention of Sir Charles Dilke's name, that it is no unusual thing for young men to start as Radicals and turn out Conservatives, or at most only Liberals. This may be true, but as yet there has been no

slightest indication that were he placed back at the parting ways he would take a different course. The only possibility for retraction would be to confess error and plead minority in extenuation of his fault. Would it be possible for a young man with his antecedents to do this? But were it so, the outlook for the future would counsel against retreat. He may lose his seat as representative for his own borough, at the formation of a new Parliament, and in that case he may have to wait a few years for a vacancy in some of the Radical manufacturing constituencies, but this would at most only give him a little time, which could be well employed in organizing outside forces. It has been asked why Sir Charles, while endeavoring to supplant inherited influence by individual merit, has not resigned a title which was so recent a gift from the Queen to his father? I cannot answer for him, but we may conjecture that his answer would be, "While titles constitute so strong a leverage in English society, it would be treachery for a man who had a natural hold upon this lever to abandon it."

To see Sir Charles Dilke in ordinary life, no one would think him a hero, much less a martyr. He is too healthy to be observably either conscientious or serious, and there is a boyish overflow of spirits that is liable to be hastily taken for levity. He is full of force; all alive, physically and mentally, but no nerve or muscle is overstrained. Play is nearly as earnest as work; indeed it seems almost a part of work, a part of the legitimate business of life. One moment there is a wholeheartedness in sociability; another, and every nerve is tense with business. There is no half-wayness, neither is there a consciousness of heartiness. It is nature as free from trammels as one often finds it. The very absence of difficulties conceals from you the strength and force of the man. Physique powerful, tastes and appetites normal, brain acute and alert, courage is the necessary outcome; but with an unflinching common

sense, his heroism will always be directed to ends worthy of his steel. There is a delight in simple activity, but he would invariably demand results, and with a consciousness of power, only marked ends seem to him worthy of himself. He will come out ahead of his associates, not because he cares so much to be ahead, as that nothing short of that seems to him a creditable attainment. His large and varied capacity cannot be called genius, particularly if genius means immense and intense aspiration for things in the way of which stand insuperable difficulties. One would never expect to hear of him that in infantile days he cried for the stars. The impossible would be beyond the possibility of his wishing. What is not impossible, he works at with will and hope, as though nothing were really in the way. Difficulties are not obstacles, any more than work is idleness. We may hope

he is not over-sensitive; in this he has the advantage of a national trait, as well as of sound digestion. Dilke is not yet an orator, and one can scarcely see why he is so little of an orator, except from that absence of enthusiasm that yields to the influence of the moment. Whether he has a talent for organization and command, remains to be seen; that he came so prominently into official position in the University debating club, would give some indication of this. A leader is needed. Of the three men who stand in the boldest front, Professor Fawcett is exempted by his natural infirmity; Peter Taylor has passed the age when ambition drives a man to his highest possibilities; and of Dilke we can only say, he has capacity, courage, and ambition, and if his public career is not highly honorable and eminently successful, he will discount the best promises with the best underwriters a young man can give.

Mary E. Beedy.

ABOUT BOOKS.

In the good old times, a man who wrote a book, took his life in his hands. It was as necessary to make a will before embarking on the perilous sea of letters, as it was before undertaking a journey of a hundred miles by stage. Our simple-hearted ancestors had rather unpleasant ways of expressing disapproval of a book. Among others, the story of one individual, unfortunate enough to be an author, has come down to us. It was after the invention of printing, and he was an English lawyer. He wrote a book against theatres and other places of amusement. One unlucky sentence in it could be tortured to appear a little disrespectful to the Queen. Of course the British Lion was at once aroused, and the wise and astute Dogberrys of the press set themselves to

discover other abominations. After due study and deliberation, the book was decided to be a sarcasm on the government—a fearful crime!—and its author was sentenced thus: First, his book to be burned by the common hangman; second, the author to be expelled from Oxford, and from the bar; third, to pay a fine of five thousand pounds; fourth, to stand for two days in the pillory, and have each day an ear cut off; fifth, to be imprisoned for life.

One of the gentle judges, in his loyal indignation, wanted to have the fine doubled, though it already exceeded the poor victim's fortune; and still more—his nose slit and his forehead branded!

Accustomed as we are to seeing multitudes of books, and regarding them,

not as a luxury, but a necessity, we can scarcely realize the state of things before the age of printing, when five books constituted a splendid private library, and ten a truly regal collection. The great multiplication of books naturally followed the invention of printing; but it is curious to trace the history of these dear comforts of our daily life in the dark days preceding that era. The first books were written, letter by letter, by a graver, a pen, or a sharp needle. The ancient Egyptians made use of smooth flat stones, on which the letters were engraved. After these solid records came the use of dressed and prepared skins of animals, and later still, certain plants. The Chinese wrote on dried leaves of plants, and to this day they have a sacred tree, the leaves of which are used only for religious subjects. The Hindoos used the dried leaves of the palm tree, and pricked the letters in with a sharp needle. Papyrus—from which is derived the name paper—was extensively used. It is a water plant, and was prepared in this way: The stem being soaked in water, was unrolled in thin layers, and dried. Several of these thin sheets were pasted over each other, with the fibre running different ways, to add to its strength, and the whole smoothed with a polishing stone. The paper thus prepared was written on with a pen made of a reed, and ink made of lampblack.

The material of ancient books was not more curious than the form. The Hindoos cut their leaves into strips a little more than an inch wide, and perhaps a foot long, with a hole punched in the middle. To bind the book they had only to gather up the leaves, string them on to a string, add a cover made of thin boards, the same shape, and tie the whole together. There is a serious disadvantage in this method of binding: every time the book is read it must be unbound and unstrung. The books of papyrus were not much more convenient. They were made into rolls and tied up, each

roll with a tag containing its title. Sometimes several sheets were pasted together in one long leaf, a yard wide and fifty yards long. Looking over a book in those days must have been a serious business. Another curious thing about these ancient books was the absence of spaces between the words. Dividing into words was the first improvement; then followed punctuation marks, and finally paragraphs and chapters.

Book-making, and especially book-binding, was in its glory in the Middle Ages. At that time nearly every man was a knight, prowling over the world for adventures, or a monk, dreaming his life away in a monastery. It was the favorite occupation and the only delight of these learned recluses, to print and ornament books; and it was no uncommon thing for one to devote his whole life to the illumining of one volume. To their years of loving faithful labor we owe our rarest treasures of books. Book-making was not then the mechanical business it is now. Every word was carefully written, and every initial letter at the beginning of chapter and paragraph was painted in some fantastic or grotesque design; the whole text was richly and profusely illustrated with sketches of the scenes described; graceful vines ran through the margins, twining round the words, adorned with delicate flowers, birds, and angels, and quaint figures of men and animals, all most exquisitely executed in colors and gilt.

Every large monastery had a room called the *Scriptorium* devoted to the use of the book-makers; and the monks carried ink-pot and pen-case suspended to their girdles. The ink-pot was made of horn, and the pen-case of leather, ornamented, and baked very hard.

The covers were fully as costly and elegant as the books themselves. It was almost as much work to bind a book as it is now to build a house. They had heavy hinges, guards, and clasps; gold and precious stones were

freely used, and in everything but size they were suitable to be church-doors. A book of prayer, in a Paris collection, is a beautiful specimen. Each cover resembles a picture in a frame. The picture—representing the crucifixion—is of pure gold, with the figures pressed up from the inside, and delicately chased on the outside. The frame is thick set with jewels in different designs, and in each corner is a small picture in colored enamel. Running over the whole is an exquisitely delicate vine of gold wire.

For the use of students, and for church service, bindings were less costly, though ivory carvings were often inserted in the corners. Sometimes they were of odd shape, such as a book of devotion in the shape of a heart. A more substantial binding in use for law-books and books of record, was of heavy boards, with a hole in one corner to hang it up by—shelves being unnecessary where books were so scarce that those intended for the public to read were chained to their places. Some of these wooden covers were so heavy, that to let one fall was to endanger the breaking of a limb. Petrarch was so injured by the fall of one of them that it was feared his leg would have to be amputated. This famous book is now in a library in Italy.

One of the most beautiful of ancient books is—or was before the war—in Paris. It is called *The Book of Hours*, and is written in letters of gold, on purple parchment, and bound in red velvet. It was given to a French city by one of the Emperors, and was—in those days—a royal gift.

In Queen Elizabeth's time, book-covers were embroidered on velvet and silk, with gold and silver thread; and the royal fingers themselves did not disdain the graceful occupation. For, as every man was a warrior or a monk, so every woman was a needle-worker or a nun. Books were so valuable in those days that they were disposed of by will, and bought and sold in the presence of witnesses, to

ensure a title. One volume was considered sufficient reading for a year. In English monasteries, the librarian once a year opened his collection, and gave to each monk one book, with which he must content himself for a year."

A greater contrast can hardly be presented, than between the ancient and modern ways of book-making: on the one hand the dreamy monk, spending the spare hours of years, often a whole life, in carefully and lovingly forming every letter and adornment, while the worker in gold and precious stones slowly and skilfully fashions a worthy dress for the treasure; on the other, the unlettered ink-fingered type-setter, with paper hat on, whistling a street ditty as he sets up the copy, amid the noise and confusion of the press-room and bindery. Then, everything was done quietly and leisurely, by the hands of man, and every book was a special work; now, iron fingers and nerves of steel do most of the labor, and one book is merely a small item of the thousands that are finished in a day.

Perhaps it will be interesting to follow the various processes that make loose sheets of printed paper into snugly bound books—in our day. They come from the printer in the shape of large sheets of paper, with oblong blocks of printing at regular intervals, and broad white stripes between. They go first to the folders, usually girls, armed with wood or ivory paper-folders, whose business it is to fold the sheet so that each page of printing will come in its proper place, with the margins all the same width. The book is called "folio," "quarto," etc., according as each sheet is folded once, twice, or more. The next process is the arrangement of the sheets for the future book, so that the pages will come right. Mistakes in this process, such as misplacing or leaving out a sheet, are exceedingly annoying, as every reader knows. The third operator is a girl at a sewing-machine.

The machine does n't sew, however; it merely holds the bands while the girl sews. These bands, which are the real back-bone of the book, are held tight, up and down, while each sheet is sewed on by passing a needle through. If the bands are intended to lay up on the back, these sheets are simply sewed on; if intended for a flat back, notches are sewed in the back of the pile of sheets, and each band lies in a notch. When all are sewed on, the girl takes it out of the machine, leaving the ends of the bands to hold on the covers. Next are put on the end-papers, white or fancy-colored leaves, to line the covers, and precede the white leaves. The back of the book—for it now begins to look like a book—is then covered with glue, rounded up by pounding, and put between boards to press. The back is pounded again while in the press, to spread it, and make it as wide as the rest of the book will be when the covers are on. Cutting is the next operation, and is done at one blow, by the descent of a sharp knife. Then it is ready for the mill-board covers, which are glued to the ends of the bands. Next the edges of the leaves are gilded, colored, or marbled, and the head-band put on. The head-band, uninitiated reader, is the little strip of silk,

or cardboard worked over with silk, put across the back, to hide where the leather of the cover turns over. These are glued to the back, and now the book is ready for its outside dress. If it is to be of leather, it is first cut to the proper shape, wet, and the inside covered with glue. Then it is carefully pressed on to the mill-board covers, and the edges turned over. The end-papers are glued over the raw edges, and the book bound up between boards to dry. Nothing now remains but the finishing, which consists of the lettering on the back, and the ornamental designs on the back and sides. A great deal of artistic labor has been expended on this branch, and many of the results are exquisite. Patterns which are merely pressed into the leather are stamped in by a stamping-machine, with hot brass stamps. The gilt patterns are first covered with the white of eggs and olive oil, the gold leaf laid on, and stamped as before. The surplus gold leaf is brushed off, and the book is ready for the shelf.

Perhaps there is no more difference between ancient and modern book-making than there is between ancient and modern books. The books of the ancients have come down to us, their lustre undimmed by time; how many of ours will live so long?

Olive Thorne.

THE SCIENCE OF LYING.

THE scientific tendency of our age is very marked. It is witnessed in the general demand for enlarged scientific and more circumscribed classical courses in our colleges. It is seen in the character of our libraries, public and private. Aristotle and Pliny are supplanted by Spencer and Darwin and Huxley. Our ordinary newspaper literature wears a scientific lustre in place of the old classic gild-

ing so common to the political writings of the earlier part of the century. Everything in mind or nature assumes the forms of science, even when principles are absent.

In deference to this general tendency to scientific distribution, we have investigated philosophically that most practiced and least understood of all the sciences—the science of lying. The subject is treated from a scientific,

not from an ethical, standpoint. Nor is it discussed with regard to its relative utility, though, as a question of mere expediency, all will agree that "honesty is the best policy."

Most people tell lies as they eat or sleep—not reflecting how they came to it, and forgetting it as soon as done. But if one will falsify, it may be doubted whether this is the wise or safer course. It certainly is not the philosophical method. It is better for the progress of human development that men should bring a scientific spirit to all their thought and labor. The knowledge of truth is the end of human thought—the goal of human activity; and if a lie is ever profitable, there is a true and a false method of constructing it. Certainly, we should understand the general characteristics of an ingenious falsehood in order that we may provide for our own protection. Besides, we have inherent a love of rhythmical proportions, flowing lines, symmetry and harmony of contour; and if a falsehood is to be constructed, why should not the edifice illustrate the taste, the science, and the genius of the architect?

As rhetoric is defined to be the science and art of persuasive speaking, so may lying be defined to be both the science and art of deception. It is better known, however, as an art than as a science; for it is more practiced than understood, and has not yet been reduced to systematic and well-digested relations. The reason is obvious. Most falsehoods are told without premeditation—that is, when the authors are caught in ambush and by surprise. Hence, their precipitancy and their ignorance of the science lead them into perplexing dilemmas, in order to escape which it becomes necessary to fabricate anew, to patch up the old myth and give it the roundness and symmetry of truth. This is why "one lie begets another."

With many, lying is simply a careless, thoughtless habit; with a few, it is a love; with some it is an accident

—almost. The lie is uttered almost before they are conscious of it. The second class is an apparent anomaly in human nature—a study for an Emerson, a Darwin, or Diogenes. In its ordinary interpretations of human nature, the ethical spectroscope does not reveal any other autographic lines similar to theirs. They have no clear idea to utility; and, to borrow the idiom of philosophy, there seems to be no sufficient reason why they should lie rather than otherwise. They will tell a lie when there is not the least apparent demand for it, when there is no motive, no design, no aspiration or disgrace which need to be concealed. It is equally curious and instructive to observe the repose of their countenances, the shadows of thought flitting across their features, their interior illumination, as they utter a falsehood with the happy grace and easy serenity of meek-eyed truth.

The object of a lie is to conceal something done or to be done, its ultimate cause being the fear of shame or disappointment which would result from the discovery of the truth. If every man's mind were as an open book, to be read by whoever might please, there would be little cause for lying; and if people knew how much better the truth would almost always subserve them, there would be little lying even now,—for a comprehensive survey of all the circumstances will almost invariably demonstrate that the truth is far less hazardous than a lie, with the danger of detection, and all its contingent perils.

Anything by which one wilfully misleads or deceives, is a lie. It may be an act, or word, or inaction, or silence. It must be wilful and it must be intended to deceive. The most skilful lie is the most perfect similitude of truth. The farther it is from the semblance of truth, the less likely is it to deceive. Every lie has truth for its background, near or remote; and it is in putting it forward, in its dazzle and pomp, to form the picture, that the

falsehood consists. The most unblushing lies are generally also the most unscientific. It is by the brilliancy of their effrontery and their total lack of science that we are often imposed upon, because we imagine that so palpable a falsehood would never have been palmed off by a man of sense. In our busy whirl of thought and activity, we give no time for the contemplation and reflection, a moment of which would have easily discovered the deception that had been practiced. But such falsehoods generally escape detection by accident, if at all; and they rarely go long unrevealed. It is not such blunderbusses of falsehood that we are most to fear. The scientific architect of falsehood requires our sharpest vigilance. Unctious and unostentatious, his fictions contain elements of truth in order to ensure credence and deception. They are compounded of truths and probabilities, or at least of possibilities; and they so put forward the ingredient of verity as that it shall attract observation and reflect about the whole an air of credibility. They never contain anything in its nature impossible, unless the intended victims of deception have been prepared by previous instruction to regard it as in the order of natural or divine things. This is the method of the religious imposter—the historic liar, the Mahomet. Thus men have a genius for lying, as well as for poetry or painting. This sublime genius of Mahomet constitutes his title to immortality. Magnificent lying has, in a large measure, contributed to the glory of France in arms. While French literature predominated over civilization, French heroes were the most splendid, French genius the most exuberant and versatile, French ideas the purest and loftiest. France was ruled twenty years by a fiction too immense and dazzling to be detected by the world at large. Thus has magnificent lying, as well as eloquence and martial genius, given to deeds and men and nations a temporary glory.

Our commonplace, every-day liar

displays his nescience chiefly in this: that his story is not a judicious compound of the true and the false. The lie he tells, is often a mixture of improbables. He weaves the whole tapestry out of fictitious warp and woof. He does not blend the golden threads of truth with the texture. It is all dark and enigmatical and incredible. The scientific lie contains the false only so far as is indispensable, with the greatest possible intermingling of truth. But our tyro at falsifying reverses the rule by interblending the least possible truth with the most possible of the false. In the ingenious falsehood, all the details consist, as far as may be, of the truth with its distinctive forms and colorings; for though, at best, the falsehood cannot display the finish, the rounded beauty, and the chaste features of truth, yet its defects will either be obscured or unseen amid the general harmony and purity of the outline. Thus the observer, beholding the general atmosphere of fidelity clothing the invention, would probably accept the whole and quiet his suspicions, if any remained, with the consolatory maxim that "truth is stranger than fiction."

But people do not devote as much study, as much science and philosophy, to deception as to the truth. Most people profess the search after truth, and they are mostly sincere. The greatest liar that ever lived, somebody has said, every day tells more truths than falsehoods. All admire the truth—even those who think it more to be admired than followed. All worship truth. Philosophy is replete with maxims full of wisdom and poetry, all extolling in sleek phrase the serene beauty and dignity of truth. Thus it is that truth gets all the incense and the adoration, even though she has not all the followers. It is happy for our kind that it is so. If man gave to lying and deception a fraction of the study, the genius and enthusiasm which truth obtains, we should be scarcely able to distinguish the true

from the false. As it is, our liars are generally unphilosophical and unstudied. They daub a falsehood over with cheap ephemeral colors, trick her out with immodest charms, and thus, by the very brilliancy of her false beauty, attract criticism and detection. She does not shine with the soft, pure effulgence of truth, with her inimitable freshness and bloom. Her brilliancy is artificial and laid in fading colors.

She is made to order and, almost invariably on short notice, and so does not display the grace, the perfection, the naturalness of truth. The inevitable result is that what with his negligence and his haste, the liar is almost universally recognized as such; and his lies deceive nobody but himself, by inducing him to suppose his deception is generally successful, when it is generally a failure.

W. L. Penfield.

A GLIMPSE.

AT an open casement,
Underneath the eaves,
Where the interlacement
Of the jasmine leaves
Parts, there sits a maiden,
Singing as she weaves.

"Earth is full of pleasure;"
Even as she sings
Comes an unseen presence,
Thought, on folded wings;
And her wheel is silent,
Hushed her murmurings.

Into the dim distance
Of the misty skies,
With her whole existence,
Long she turns her eyes;
Time is but a shadow
In her paradise.

What does she discover
In the boundless space?
Is it a true lover,
Come to win her grace?
Look! the crimson flushes
On her royal face!

O my happy maiden!
Do not gaze too deep
Into what is hidden;
For the skies may weep,
And the blue of morning
May not always keep.

G. E. Wright.

THE LAKESIDE REVIEWER.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN AND THE PLAY OF "MACBETH."

THERE was a time, not long gone by, when there was a standing reproach against America that she had produced no grand artists, whether the material of representation was marble, canvas, or, more plastic than either, burning passionate words. The crudities that come of laborious unrest and ferment, had not commenced to be clarified. Our civilization suffered the charge under protest, yet with a sullen acknowledgment of its justice. The same unconquerable energy, however, that fused and moulded the social clans, the isolated aptitudes, and the untrained aspirations of a congeries of colonies, as the United States practically remained till within the last quarter of a century, into a vast national organism, teeming with the finer products of culture, has also silently and healthily ripened into genuine æsthetic power. It is not until a people commences to subside into the clear serenity of accomplished results—the triumph of violent strength at rest because it has attained its purpose—that it can see reflected in its bosom the bright images of nature. Time and taste for introspection must precede a national love and demand for art in its various forms. Our seed-time in this regard has not long since past, yet the harvest has commenced to ripen already with a tropical fervor. The jubilee of feelings with which the American contemplates his nation's greatness, yields no sweeter fruit than the thought that in the domain of the "fine arts" she proudly contests the palm with the older nations of Europe. In that family of pursuits which aim to give bodily form to the combined energies of intellect and imagination, to project the harmonies of thought in the harmonies of sensible representation, the histrionic art in many respects stands foremost. It is true that its triumphs are as evanescent as the gilded glories of sunset, the mere blazonry of a brief hour; they can be perpetuated only in tradition. Yet

the dramatic artist, to approach the ideal possibilities that shine on the heights of his profession, must possess the painter's eye for color and grouping; the sculptor's plastic power in each successive *pose* of the figure; the poet's imagination to conceive and realize each dramatic creation; even more than the orator's ardent sympathy and self-forgetfulness; and, underlying all these, must exist a profound and searching analytic faculty to lay bare the secret of power in each character-conception. The rarity of very great actors illustrates how exceptional it is to find these diverse forces crystallized in one superb genius. When it is found, the world bows down before the high priest of one of God's mysteries.

We have many fine actors in the United States, but there are only three who can be justly credited with that consummate force to which we give the name of genius: Edwin Forrest, Joseph Jefferson, and Charlotte Cushman,—the first of these now in his decadence. Of the latter it is no flattery to say, that she is the greatest of living *tragediennes*, the legitimate successor of Mrs. Siddons in the sublimer walks of the drama. To Miss Cushman must be conceded a higher pedestal in her own peculiar art, than has been attained by any other American in his or her sphere of the related arts. For this lady has wrought out results absolutely unique and peculiar of their kind. That our Chicago public have only been able to witness Miss Cushman's interpretations on the reader's platform, has both its advantages and disadvantages. The imagination misses the scaffolding, by which it is helped, through sensuous agents, to build up a perfect illusion for itself. But it has also been spared the possible shocks that grate on the refined taste by the friction of an incompetent support. A still more potent consideration is, that in case of the "reading interpreter" the conception is absolutely

harmonious throughout. A great drama is necessarily complicated in its mutual effects of character. The various personages modify each other's actions and thoughts in the creations of the mimic stage, no less than on the stage of society. Thus it is easy to conceive how there may be a palpable discord, even where the principal rôles are rendered by actors of genius. In the Shakespearian drama the danger is greater than elsewhere. The vast play and the intensity of the action, whether in the individual personage of the play or the interdependence of the separate movements; the Protean suggestiveness of the phenomena of thought latent in the soliloquies—those painted windows through which Shakespeare gives us startling glimpses of the souls of his people,—allow such varied scope for the theories of each student, that the desire for individuality in acting does not fail to rule. An acted drama, under its best conditions, is sometimes to be compared to a noble orchestra without the *baton* of a conductor to unify the individual interpretations of the performers. The "reader" is enabled to steer clear of this shoal, and to present to the audience a translation of character, symmetrical in all its parts, where each figure of the drama is rigidly subordinated to a sense of harmony. To enjoy this supreme advantage, all else may be dispensed with. We believe that judicious and thoughtful students of the mighty dramatist were entitled to feel that the illumination of Shakespeare's thoughts by the flame of Miss Cushman's genius was fully as satisfying to critical demands when burning on the reading platform as on the crowded and gorgeous stage.

The climax of her power, as lately exhibited among us, was in her "Macbeth" reading. Her genius here winged its dizziest flights; yet here, above all her other readings, she has laid herself open to criticism. Before specifically analyzing her conception of the Shakespearian meaning, a clearer light may be shed on the path by some consideration of the general conditions of the drama.

Critics, with an almost unanimous voice, agree on "Macbeth" as the consummate fruit of the author's genius. The *ensemble* of the play is one of the most terrible of

all the pageants ever conjured up from the infinite possibilities of life by the glamour of imagination. From the opening scene, where the great magician wields his wand and summons from the "vasty deep" those wonderful shapes of mystery, in the spell of whose presence we feel transfixed and awe-stricken, to the close of the crowded tragedy, where the conscience-smitten murderer yields his life and crown in the hurly-burly of conflict, the action knows no pause or break in the logic of its intensity. Each scene is foreshadowed in its predecessor; and though Shakespeare shows his customary contempt for the nominal unities of time and place, the internal coherence is perfect in truth and symmetry. The appeal made to the love of sensation, the mere gross capture of the imagination by an unbroken series of horrors, linked together with the inexorable sternness of an ancient Greek drama, where the sufferers are chained in the bonds of destiny, is something appalling. But this is the least powerful feature of the tragedy. Underneath the rigid dictates of a crime-loving and avenging Nemesis, the play of free will, the surge and storm of passion, love, devotion, and remorse, sweep with a wild yet logical fury that almost baffles analysis yet instantly commands the sympathy of the intellectual conscience. The inner harmony of the complex movement is simply without a match in dramatic literature. The character of Macbeth, which has been the subject of much needless controversy, seems to be one of the most unmistakably depicted of any of the Shakespearian conceptions. With the same art of detail so characteristic of the author, he puts the earliest revelation of her husband's nature in the mouth of Lady Macbeth, who would naturally know her partner best. When she receives the letter announcing Macbeth's encounter with the witches and the terrible ambition by it, she says:

"Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full of the milk o' human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What wouldst thou
highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
Yet wouldst wrongly win.
— Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round."

Here we have the picture of the ambitious yet weak man, guiltily looking toward a criminal end, yet hampered by the ties of affection, loyalty, and gratitude, from its attainment. Lady Macbeth's comment on the letter, too, indicates that her husband had already broached his ambition to be Duncan's successor. The wife's rapid feminine intellect sprang from cause to effect in an instant, like an arrow from the bow, and clearly recognized the means that must be taken. That was an age of crime, rapine, violence. Bloodshed was the normal means by which results were to be reached. The moral sensibilities were blunted, and the conscience had been educated to think with cool indifference of deliberate and revolting cruelties. The historic features of the age, in which Shakespeare frames the play, must be regarded in making a critical estimate of his meaning. A century and a half later, when Froissart held up such a perfect mirror to the life of his generation, we find the gallant chronicler recording in terms of *naïve* admiration deeds done by his heroines in cold blood, that fill the modern soul with horror. If such was the case in the chivalric age of Edward the Third, when the refining influences had commenced to soften manners, what must it have been prior to the Norman Conquest? In Lady Macbeth's case, then, it is natural to assume that the intense love of the wife for her husband, her woman's ambition for his supreme greatness, (the dramatist does not put a word in her mouth indicating any selfish motive,) should crowd out every other thought. Nothing is developed in the conception throughout but the loving woman. All her words and actions bear this imprint of feminine devotion and unselfishness. It is indeed a resolute, powerful nature, yet never aught but womanly. Indeed, further on, as if conscious of natural weakness, she cries in an agony of self distrust:

"Come, come, you spirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here."

The evident assumption is that there is need of supernatural aid to effect this change.

Her stern purpose in keeping up Macbeth to the high pitch of his fell design is clearly the outgrowth of a woman's love—a resolve that no weakness of his shall mar the perfect result which is to be for his benefit. Another glimpse of this consciousness of feminine weakness is given in the fact that she herself, to stimulate her faltering heart, partakes of the "posset" with which she had drugged the wits of Duncan's guards:

"That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold;
That which hath quenched them, hath given me fire."

Shakespeare reveals the same truth in many subtle ways; in none more so than in the fact that after the murder is done, the end obtained, all that seems fierce and harsh in Lady Macbeth's character is melted like frost before the sun. The tender comforter and nurse, the self-denying consoler (who covers up the ravages of remorse in herself, that ultimately end in death by a broken heart,)—what is she but a woman in her truest attributes? Dramatic art would recoil from the idea of making Lady Macbeth a repulsive being. Her crime is therefore dignified by its utter unselfishness of purpose. We recognize her, not as a criminal but as a heroine. After Macbeth has murdered Duncan, his grosser, and harder nature wades deep in blood without compunction. Lady Macbeth henceforth retires from the council of crime. As an accomplice in the murder, she had wound up her strength to its highest criminal capacity, under the impulse of a passion superior to all others. She then droops and fades like a flower in an unwholesome atmosphere. The reaction has relaxed her nature, and what strength remains is consecrated to the purest womanly function. In such strongly marked distinctions, drawn with a myriad of subtle loving touches, do we see the marvellous insight of the great master of the human heart. His purpose is so clearly evidenced that it seems astonishing how it could be mistaken. How carefully he guards against the possibility of the genesis of disgust and repugnance to the heroic, suffering, but guilty woman, by making her part one of the shortest in all his plays, and shrouding her end in the deepest pathos and melan-

choly! The student of "Macbeth," recognizing these facts, has the key-note of its power, to which the whole action of the play is perfectly tuned. Mrs. Siddons — in her day the greatest of Lady Macbeths — was one of the first to conceive this general idea of the drama. Her idea of Lady Macbeth was that of a fair-haired, gentle woman, of blonde complexion, exceedingly soft and feminine in manner. She dressed and acted the character accordingly. The intensity of her rendition was in the all-absorbing affection for Macbeth, that subordinated every sentiment of feminine pity to the one forceful emotion of the heart. Even when she bullied and taunted her vacillating husband for infirmity, the paramount fact was still raised above all the conditions of the drama, as if cut in *bas relief*.

Miss Cushman's conception of both Macbeth and Lady Macbeth is essentially original in many points, yet, like all symmetrical growths, is rooted in the past. That past seems to be, in the present case, the tradition of Mrs. Siddons's acting. The two characters of Macbeth and his queen are strictly correlative. This supplementary union is vividly suggested in Miss Cushman's reading. We cease to marvel how a woman, even of great genius, can differentiate herself in two widely different conceptions, so as to meet all the rapid changes in voice, accent, inflection, and facial movement. Physical gifts and training will account for much; the perception of the correlative truth of the characters sub-tends what is left. No one can clearly understand the one conception as given in Shakespeare's marvellous synthesis, without an equally lucid recognition of the other. It is plain, then, how one conception covers both, as the perfectly fitting halves of the whole. When Macbeth is weak, vacillating, and scrupulous, logically working out the crime and its consequences that throng the darkness of the future like a troop of direful phantoms, his wife leaps to the result with a woman's directness, and buries all future thought in the mere idea of attainment. Her aspiration for Macbeth's greatness blinds her intellect and drugs her conscience. So on through the whole of the tragic story, we find the per-

fect complement of motives in the characters respectively. Miss Cushman agrees with her great prototype in assuming the Shakespearian idea of Lady Macbeth to have been a perfectly feminine one. What, then, is the central law which formulates her conception as an original thought?

Let the reader take up his copy of Shakespeare, and turn to the murder scene in "Macbeth." After the ambitious Thane staggers from the scene of his crime, wringing his blood-stained fingers in wild frenzy of feeling, Lady Macbeth joins him in the court. The criminal gives vent to his horror-stricken thoughts in rambling, broken fragments of talk, like a man in a dream. His imagination is absolutely *bloodshot* with the nightmare horrors of the murder-chamber. The memories of even slight noises creep and thrill in his fancy with phantasmal terrors. The ejaculations of innocent men, babbling in their sleep, deepen into the knell of doom, instinct with weird supernatural significance. Each simple trifle has become the boisterous protest of universal nature in her sleepless vigil, and reverberates through the murderer's brain like the clash of a ponderous bell. So far we all can recognize the *motif* of the dialogue. *But Miss Cushman as Lady Macbeth goes a step further. She instantly concludes that Macbeth has gone mad under the complicated strain of working himself up to the crime and then executing it, and her manner reveals that she knows it.*

The horrors of that revolting crime have toppled his reason from its seat, and all his faculties are suspended in an awful stupor. She seeks to sting him into self-possession, urging him to return and complete his work, to carry back the daggers and smear the faces of the drunken grooms with blood. Macbeth says:

"I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not."

Lady Macbeth, *log.*:

"Infirm of purpose,
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt."

Miss Cushman's reading of the dialogue is

a magnificent revelation of her conception. When Macbeth commences to rave with the air-drawn horrors of his fancy, the start of agony and the stricken face reveal the fearful suspicion that has taken possession of her mind. His punishment has already commenced, and with it her's—the thought that her husband has become a madman. She reads the lines last quoted, knowing that her husband was dazed. Feeling that at that critical emergency he must be brought back to his normal state, at least temporarily, she appeals to his manly shame, threatening to go herself. Yet another feeling is displayed in Miss Cushman's rendition. The conventional mode of giving the passage is in a bold, fearless, audacious tone. The conception we are considering emphasizes the presence of womanly weakness. Lady Macbeth feels that something must be done. She herself fears to go to the blood-deseccrated chamber. She seeks by a natural and common intellectual artifice to reassure her own trembling heart. If worst comes to worst, and she must go to that hideous scene, she will at all events strengthen herself by repeating the words aloud, in the hope to convince herself that "the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures," etc. Miss Cushman's voice and look reveal her mental terrors eloquently. Her heart can be heard to beat in her quivering questioning tones. When she has plucked up the daring to accomplish the important mission, the awful knocking at the gate occurs—the knocking which brings before their minds the objective entirety of the crime and its long train of consequences. It has commenced to pass from their private knowledge. The thousand ears and eyes of the world are about to claim that crime as a common possession, and society will soon ring with the deed of midnight darkness. As she urges her palsied husband to retire, her manner is infinitely caressing and tender. In the strength of her love, she has partly recovered from her own fears, and the sole thought is to soothe and guard the shivering criminal. Subsequent to this, the *role* of Lady Macbeth is "pure womanly," to protect the insanity of her husband. This is particularly noticeable in the banquet scene, where Macbeth raves in such a par-

oxysm at the apparition of Banquo. Lady Macbeth's excuse to the guests—one in which she evidently believes, too, for she sees no ghost—is that he is insane. She speaks of the fit as "a thing of custom." So long as Macbeth is with her, and she is exercised in her wifely duties of watching and soothing, she does not sink under her own complicated sufferings. But when the King goes to the field, her occupation is indeed gone, and she yields slowly but fatally under the malady of a breaking heart. Miss Cushman's reading of the lines, as also every detail of her action, illustrate the foregoing as her peculiar analysis of the drama. The theory is an intensely dramatic one, and affords a field for effects of an almost unparalleled force. But we cannot concede that there is any *prima facie* evidence in the play that such was Shakespeare's purpose in writing it. It is not necessary to assume this, to account for every word and action in the play. In a theory of art, as well as in scientific investigation, nothing should be assumed but what is absolutely necessary to fill some hiatus. Remorse and fear, the natural illusions of the imagination filled with frightful images of the past, are enough to account for Macbeth's words and deeds without the assumption of insanity. Medical jurisprudence in Shakespeare's day had not made the subtle, hair-splitting distinctions which our modern jury trials so often bring out. As Polonius puts it in "Hamlet":

—"For to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?"

To suppose that the dramatist had such a conception, is not warranted. This, however, is in justice to be said: A cold literary criticism of a play, and the conception of it as *seen* by the imagination of the actor in the searching and terrible light of complete absorption in a *role*, start from widely different points, and reach their conclusions by different processes. The sum total and harmony of the effects wrought must furnish the *rationale* of the histrionic problem. Both the musical composer and the dramatic author must take the individual interpreters into confidence and say: We have given you the outlines and the groundwork: you must work out

sensible effects that will thrill the soul of humanity with great thoughts, deep emotions, love of the true and beautiful, hatred of the false and ignoble. The interpreter who flings such a spell of sympathy over the minds of the audience, is great; and no other, however rigid and logical his

analysis. Miss Cushman creates a grand and vivid realization in the dramatic embodiment of her theory; and whether or not it be in a formal sense the true revelation of the Shakespearian mind, the incarnation of the idea is superb.

George T. Ferris.

PARKS AND BOULEVARDS IN CITIES.

THE history of the New York Central Park affords many useful lessons to other cities contemplating ornamental improvements of a similar character, which are not obvious to a casual observer, and some of which possess a special value and interest for the new and growing cities of the West. That park has proved such a marked success—not only in all that its advocates hoped from it as a magnificent work of art, but as an investment which has yielded a direct revenue in the form of increased valuation of taxable property in its vicinity—that other cities are very apt to overlook some of the circumstances which were peculiar to the case, and at the same time to attach undue weight to results which are not likely to be repeated elsewhere. On the other hand, the opportunity is yet open to many cities of less mature growth to secure advantages which the Central Park fails to supply, and which New York must, in all probability, be forever content to forego.

The objects which are held up by the advocates of such improvements in order to secure public approval and sympathy, are chiefly such as relate to the health and happiness of the citizens. It is justly argued that, in the light of modern science, to permit such risk of pestilence and disease as is incurred by want of ventilation in the densely populated districts of many old cities, is a criminal negligence for which the excuse of ignorance can no longer be offered; and that the presence of broad areas of lawn, forest, and water, in the midst of a city, exert a constant and powerful influence in preserving the purity and consequent salubrity of the atmosphere. In addition to this is the moral effect upon the community, arising from the opportu-

nity of relief from the depressing influence of incessant toil amid the din and turmoil of the streets, and of the squalor and filth which pervade the regions where multitudes find their only substitute for home.

It is hardly possible to place too high an estimate upon the value of parks and gardens for both these purposes; but a little reflection will show that they are but partially and imperfectly attained by the creation of such a work as Central Park. As a ventilator and purifier of the atmosphere, it is obviously of no service to the old portions of the city, from which it is four or five miles distant; and as a place of resort for the inhabitants of those districts, it can only be available on an occasional holiday. Experience has proved that even this privilege is highly prized and very generally improved by the laboring classes, who show their appreciation of its attractions by resorting to it on Sundays and holidays, with their families, and give the strongest possible evidence of the delight they experience in escaping from the gloomy streets to revel in the pure air and beautiful scenes of the Park. Doubtless at no very distant time the Park will be literally *central* to the most magnificent portion of the city, which will surround and enclose it, and of which it will constitute the chief ornament and the receptacle of continued contributions of beautiful and wonderful creations of nature and art. But then, as now, it will be seen that it fails to fulfil the object of its creation, to the portion of the city which is most in need of it, and that the benefits to be derived from ornamental grounds of any description within the thickly peopled districts of a city, can only be secured by the exercise of the same species of forethought at an early stage of the city's

existence. If left till the want becomes pressing, relief is hopeless.

In order to secure to every class of citizens the full measure of benefit which is possible and desirable from the existence of public ornamental grounds, it is essential that areas of sufficient extent to form pleasant and attractive resorts for pedestrians, should be located here and there throughout the city, within easy access of the most densely peopled districts, so that they may be within reach for pleasant evening refreshment and rest, when the toils of the day are at an end. It is not necessary that these areas should be of great extent; neither is it desirable that they should be disfigured with absurd imitations of mountains and lakes, or other tasteless decorations, adapted only to a childish fancy. Trees and grass and shrubs and flowers should form the only ornaments; but they should be so arranged as to develop their most attractive features, and should at all times display the health and beauty which can only result from careful keeping. All over the country there are cities which are destined to attain a size compared to which their present proportions are insignificant. The oft repeated experience of older cities should serve to warn them of the risk of postponing the opportunity to secure advantages which in time would be of inestimable value, but which are lost forever if left till the want begins to be felt.

In order to place the matter in an easily comprehensible form, it may be well to consider an ideal case, and try to ascertain what relation the ornamental public grounds of a city should bear to the whole area, and how they should be situated in order to render most efficient service in a sanitary, economic, and æsthetic point of view. One of the most obvious and important functions of boulevards and small parks within the city, is the safety they afford against the spreading of conflagrations. If, as is usually the case, there is peculiar danger in any quarter, owing to the prevalence of high winds at certain seasons, especial provision should be made to guard the most valuable districts, by separating them from the portion of the city lying on that side, by a connected series of broad open gardens or boulevards, planted with

trees. But perhaps the best policy would be, if practicable, to surround the principal business or manufacturing centres with a series of such open spaces, from different points of which boulevards should radiate on the most desirable lines of communication to the outlying suburbs, or to the more spacious parks, which of course must always lie at considerable distance from the business quarters. Such an arrangement would divide the city into sections which would be almost entirely safe from mutual danger in case of fire; the whole city would be provided with a thorough system of ventilation, and the inhabitants of every section would have within easy access a pleasant place of resort for their leisure hours of day or evening. It is hardly necessary to allude to the beauty and attractive interest which the city would derive from the presence, at frequent intervals, of pretty gardens and fine boulevards, or to the superior advantages afforded to the citizens by the opportunity to traverse these fine avenues in their daily transit to and from their business, instead of being obliged to make an excursion to the country in search of a pleasure-drive. If the site of the city comprised topographical features of a decided character—such as hills or bluffs, with corresponding valleys and ravines, or the vicinity of a lake or river, or a distant mountain view,—a skillful landscape architect would not fail to avail himself of the opportunity by adapting the arrangement of the streets to the natural shape of the ground, so as to secure every natural advantage to facilitate drainage, to economize cost of grading, to reserve the best building sites in the most favorable aspect towards the street, and to secure whatever intrinsic or external effect of beauty or picturesqueness the place or its surroundings might offer. Of course the same general principles in regard to the division of the city into sections by means of small parks and boulevards should be observed as in the case of a level site; but the variety and interest arising from the development of the natural characteristics of the situation would be incalculably increased, and the saving of direct and incidental expense and loss, which might thus be secured, is beyond estimate. Those who are familiar

with many of the Western river towns, will recall repeated instances illustrating these principles, where the rectangular system has been adhered to in spite of natural obstacles, and streets have forced a passage up the face of bluffs and across ravines at an enormous cost, while large tracts are rendered almost valueless by being left at the top or the bottom of a precipice. And when it is considered, in addition, that the naturally picturesque features of the situation are necessarily destroyed by such a process, and that tracts which with a little ingenuity of design might have been preserved and converted into exceedingly ornamental features of the town, have been utterly destroyed for such purpose, and converted into unsightly and useless areas, it must be acknowledged that Landscape Architecture, in its application to the arrangement of towns, is not even recognized among us as an existing art. Yet the mere statement which has been given of the possible benefits to be secured or penalties to be incurred by the observance or neglect of certain obvious principles, is enough to prove that it *is* an art, demanding the exercise of skill, judgment, and taste, at least equal to that required for the designing of a building, and often involving problems of a far more varied and intricate character.

We of the West have opportunities and responsibilities in connection with this subject, such as never before were offered to any people. We are opening to the advancing waves of civilization a region larger than the present settled portion of the United States, abounding in mineral, vegetable, and animal wealth, and comprising within its area such a variety of beautiful, picturesque, and sublime natural scenery, as probably no other portion of the earth's surface can show. On us devolves the task of preparing this region for the habitations of a civilized people. It is no longer necessary, as of old, to wait the almost imperceptible growth of the country by the gradual process of individual immigration, before we can decide upon the points which are to be its central depots of reception and distribution. Modern science enables us to enter upon and conduct the work systematically, and, by the exer-

cise of a wise forethought, to secure advantages whose future value may be inestimable. The best sites may be selected; and, being controlled by great corporations, the designs for their arrangement may be prepared before a lot is offered for sale. The modern facilities of transportation and construction have given to the wild and remote sections all the advantages of civilization. Mills, shops, factories, and dwellings, with the population to occupy and run them, may be delivered "to order" at any given point—and, indeed, are ready and waiting to deliver themselves at any point which offers sufficient attractions. The fact that the present and future welfare of the inhabitants had been cared for in the provision of a tasteful and judicious arrangement of the town they were to build up, would surely be a strong attraction to immigration; and it is a method well worth trying, if only as an experiment, as a contrast to the stereotyped rectangular mile-square, with a block left vacant here and there, and labelled "Public Park"—as if human wisdom had exhausted itself in the production of that style of arrangement, and left no chance of further improvement under any possible character of topography or necessity of circumstances.

It is not our present purpose to enter upon a discussion of the obvious difficulties to be encountered in attempting to inaugurate a different system—our object being rather to call attention to the evils which result from working without any design having reference to topographical peculiarities, or in fact to any requirement whatever except that of getting the greatest number of lots out of a given area at the smallest cost for surveying and staking out. If public sentiment can once be fairly aroused to anything approaching a just appreciation of the opportunity which is afforded us, of creating a system of landscape architecture in its application to the arrangement of cities and towns such as no nation ever before enjoyed, and the responsibility devolving upon us in consequence of the momentous issues which for all future time may be dependent upon the use of those opportunities, the means and the ways will be found for securing the desired end.

H. W. S. Cleveland.

BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

LIVES OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, With notices of its chief Augmentators and other Benefactors. 1570 to 1870. By Edward Edwards. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co.

There exists probably no institution upon the whole surface of the earth which is so much the centre of attraction to the learned of all lands as the British Museum. From the remotest regions of the globe, the students in the domains of Art and Nature flock to the gigantic structure in Great Russell Street, and those who desire literary information feel under the grand dome of the reading-room the consoling assurance that they will rarely consult the folios of the catalogue in vain, and that their labors will be facilitated no less by the liberality of the institution than the courtesy of its officials. To give the reader some idea of the statistics involved, we will simply state that on a single day (December 26th, 1858), 49,000 visitors crossed the threshold of the Museum; that its expenses for 1866-67 reached the sum of £102,744 sterling; and that the printed volumes on the shelves numbered in January, 1870, over one million and six thousand.

The history of these united collections is a topic that cannot fail to interest a large circle of readers, and for such a one the work of Mr. Edwards has evidently been intended. The author himself possesses many valuable qualifications for his task. He has taken great pains to draw for his material upon entirely original sources, which, in addition to the manuscripts of the Museum itself, consist mainly of Parliamentary Reports. With Messrs. Panizzi, Thomas Watts, John Winter Jones, and J. H. Parry, he was one of the committee which prepared, in the spring of 1839, the plan for a catalogue of the printed works. He has long been acquainted with the most prominent officials of the institution, and especially with those in the Library department. But instead of making the collections themselves the subject of his description, of tracing their origin and growth, he places the personal history of their collect-

ors in the foreground—seduced, no doubt, by the idea that such a stress on the personal element would tend to enliven his labor. But the unity of the plan is thus marred and its whole harmony destroyed.

The author, and the reader with him, feel themselves constantly distracted between the biographical interest which attaches to the men to whom we owe this accumulation of manuscripts, books, statues, coins, minerals, etc., and the interest which the objects of their collective industry inspire. The result of this want of method is that both interests, to a certain extent, suffer. When the Sloane Museum is mentioned, we are asked to hear the history of the Courten family, which has very little connection with it. On page 466 we imagine that a treatise on the Third and Fourth Georges is before us. The notice of Sir Joseph Banks, who "was a good neighbor, but no very keen sportsman," may have been of interest to his friends, but is a matter of complete indifference to the reader. In spite of this fundamental error in the design, which is not at all improved by frequent theological digressions, the book of Mr. Edwards deserves the warmest praise.

As an organic institution, the British Museum is little more than a century old, though the history of its component parts extends back over three. Sir Robert Cotton, who in Queen Elizabeth's reign petitioned for the establishment of a national library, must be regarded as the founder of the institution. His costly library was presented to the people in 1700 by John Cotton, and this became the seed of the Museum. In 1731, the Cotton collection narrowly escaped destruction by fire, and nothing saved it but the timely discovery of the danger by Richard Bentley, then its custodian. Of its 958 manuscript volumes, the fire completely consumed 114, while 89 were so seriously damaged that the most careful retouching had not restored many of them as late as 1824. In explaining the political fortunes of Robert Cotton, the author aims at a two-fold vindication of the man. It is well known that nearly

one-third of the Cotton manuscripts consist of State papers, and it is susceptible of proof that most of them were in the possession of the State before they reached Cotton's hands. Cotton had therefore not come honestly by them, and Mr. Brewster has substantiated this charge in his preface to the "Calendar of the State Papers of Henry VIII." The accusation cannot be refuted, and Mr. Edwards evidently feels it himself when he says on page 150 that we should remember that a patriotic statesman, familiar with the secrets of the Court and State archives — and especially under kings like James I. and Charles I. — may have had valid reasons to consider certain important documents safer and more surely the property of the nation by being kept in the house of the Cottons than at Whitehall. The fact that the Cotton collection was seized by the Government proves how strongly their owner was suspected; and if the Royal Commission returned the manuscripts subsequently to the heirs, it is only evidence of the looseness with which the investigation was conducted.

The second vindication concerns Cotton the politician. Later the friend of Pym, Eliot, and other Parliamentary and Puritanical notabilities, he is said to have assured, in 1615, Gondamar, the Spanish ambassador — who exerted an undue influence over the feeble James — of his Catholic loyalty and devotion, and to have played the part of a diplomatic go-between. The proofs on which this charge is based have been discovered by Rawson Gardiner, the historian, among the Gondamar dispatches at Simanca. As Gondamar could have had no reason to tell a falsehood, his words cannot be doubted. Only on a minor point has Mr. Edwards successfully defended Cotton against Gardiner: he proves that the accused never was in Italy.

After Cotton, we are introduced to a far more attractive personage — to that Prince Henry who united a love of science with every knightly virtue, and whose death in the first bloom of his promising youth opened the fatal way to the throne for his brother Charles. Henry's library, mainly made up of Lord Lumley's, is said to have been the nucleus of the old royal collection, which contained already, at the close of

Charles II.'s life, more than 10,000 volumes. This old royal library was not presented to the nation until 1757, the year when George II. performed this gracious act. Five years later a second collection was added, which in a certain sense also owes its origin to the royal encouragement. George Thomason, a famous bookseller of London, was in the habit of collecting almost daily all the pamphlets and fly-sheets to which the stormy period that kindled the war between Charles I. and Parliament gave birth. This collection, known by the name of the "King's Pamphlets," is unique of its kind, and has never yet been fully exhausted. To elucidate its history, we possess a brief notice, supposed to emanate from the pen of Thomason, which is attached to one of the old catalogues, but which Mr. Edwards strangely neglects to mention. For the historian, it is of the highest importance that Thomason should so frequently have marked on the title page of the sheets the exact date of their publication, and thus to have afforded us a chronological direction which the sheets of the Stationers' Company mostly lack. Had Charles I. triumphed, he would undoubtedly have purchased this collection, for it not only included many manuscripts, but covered the whole period between 1641 and 1663. As it was, the collection passed through many vicissitudes and perils during the confusion incident to the civil war. Its owner removed it repeatedly from London; once it was secreted in a warehouse of the city, after which the University of Oxford acquired it by a sham sale. Charles II. had no money to invest in such speculations. At last, after the 33,000 fly-sheets had passed from hand to hand, the heirs of Thomason considered themselves fortunate to dispose of their treasure in 1762, to George III., who paid them £300, and presented the collection to the British Museum. It would be well if we had a better catalogue for it.

The biographies of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, and of Robert, Earl of Oxford, once more plunge us deeply into the political history of the 17th and the 18th centuries, though the chief interest in the collections of these noble noblemen is not a personal one. It may, however, be

mentioned here that Arundel, while on a diplomatic mission in Germany, purchased the Prickheimer library, which contained many valuable manuscripts, whereupon the whole collection came, in 1681, into the possession of the Royal Society; thence it passed, partly by purchase, partly by barter, to the British Museum in 1831. Harley's library, whose manuscripts were bought in 1753 by Parliament for £10,000, includes the legacies of John Stowe, the historian, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Sir Symonds d'Ewes, the well-known member, to whom we are indebted for so much important information about the civil war. When the natural historical Museum of Sir Hans Sloane, Newton's successor in the Presidency of the Royal Society, was added to these treasures in print and manuscript, a store of scientific material had already been laid up which was at that time without a peer anywhere.

The beginning of the British Museum may thus be said to date from the Act of Parliament passed in 1753 "for the purchase of the Museum or Collection of Sir Hans Sloane and of the Harleian Collection of MSS.; and for providing one General Repository * * for the said Collections and for the Cottonian Library and additions thereto." With the removal of these collections to Montague House, in Bloomsbury, the British Museum was an accomplished fact. On the 15th of January, 1759, the institution was dedicated to the public. At first the hours during which the doors were open were few, and the visitors had some difficulty in obtaining tickets. The public was admitted only in small parties, and then taken, in accordance with a certain fixed routine, through the rooms and halls. Those who desired the privilege of study, were restricted by the statutes to a separate apartment, where they could read and write during the hours when the Museum was open.

From such modest dimensions grew up an institution whose unparalleled advantages have been enjoyed by hundreds and thousands since. A rapid extension of the several divisions followed, and new ones were constantly projected. While the different exploring expeditions, such as the journeys of Captain Cook, enriched the

Natural History branch, and the Library received new treasures by the gifts of Thomas Birch, David Garrick, and others, the institution gained a previously undreamed-of importance from the collections of Sir William Hamilton, and especially from his magnificent vases. As might have been foreseen from what we have already stated about the author's manner of treating his subject, Mr. Edwards cannot resist the temptation to inflict upon us here a great deal of biographical literature about Lord Nelson, Lady Hamilton, etc. Of Napoleon's Egyptian expedition we are told no more than is necessary to understand the earlier history of the Egyptian department and the acquisitions which fell to the share of England by the Alexandria Convention. It was then that the stone of Rosetta was received at French headquarters — then that the celebrated sarcophagi and the other Egyptian antiquities which have revealed to us a new world, came into the hands of the victors. Not long afterward the collections of the Townley family wandered into the halls of the British Museum; but it was not until Lord Elgin had, under strange adventures and difficulties, succeeded in rescuing the marble treasures of Athens from barbarism and the sea, that England could really boast of possessing the most precious remains of antiquity. Least of all could he have foreseen the Quixotic opposition in store for him at home. With infinite trouble he had saved the pride of the Akropolis from the hands of the Turks and the fury of the waves. After his release from a French prison, the folly of his own people branded him as a robber, and even the poet of "Childe Harold" prophesied that Elgin's memory would descend to posterity with that of Erostratus. To cap the climax, the so-called art critics pretended that the sculptures dated only from the days of Adrian, and that Phidias had never worked in marble. But the opinion of Canova, when he saw the "Elgin marbles" at London in 1815, was different. "I can never look enough at them. Though my visit must be necessarily very brief, I devote every spare moment to their contemplation. I admire in them the truth of nature and the beauty of form. Had I come to London solely

to see them, I should be perfectly contented." Parliament purchased these marbles for £15,000.

In the mean time the Library had been increased in 1807 by the acquisition of the Lansdowne manuscripts, while the collection of Dr. Burney, added in 1818, not only shone in classic literature, but contained 700 files of English newspapers. When afterwards the library of George III. which excelled in old editions (for instance 36 Caxtons), was given by his successor to the Museum, the necessity of a building worthy of the gift became apparent. With his usual superfluous biographical details, Mr. Edwards speaks of the collections of Sir Joseph Banks, the naturalist and traveller, on which occasion he indulges in an attack no less uncalled for than unprovoked, on the mathematicians as a class; of the Egerton manuscripts, noted for their numerous and highly important letters; of the excavation of the Assyrian and Phœnician antiquities; of the *antiques* of Xanthus, Helicarnassus, and Knides; of Grenville's priceless library; of the Eastern writings procured at mortal peril from Syrian convents; and of all these other costly and rare additions which increase year after year the value and size of the different divisions, and especially the Natural Historical. Even the Abyssinian campaign contributed many trophies (or spoils) to this colossal storehouse of Art and Science. It is therefore not surprising that already for some time a want of space has been felt, and the only question is whether it will be advisable to leave so many collections under one roof.

In bringing the whole executive and administrative machinery of the British Museum before the reader, Mr. Edwards very properly emphasizes those officials whose names are associated with its most important improvements and useful labors. In the front rank stand Joseph Planta, Henry Ellis, Thomas Watts, and especially the present Principal Librarian's predecessor, Mr. Panizzi, whose untiring zeal have made the collection what it now is, and whose proudest monument should be the new reading room. A ground plan of this room, with a view of its interior, as well as plans of the different sections of the

structure, constitute a valuable addition to this, in every respect, magnificent work.

THE LAND OF DESOLATION; Being a Personal Narrative of Observations and Adventures in Greenland. By Isaac I. Hayes, M.D., Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society, and of the *Société de Géographie*, Paris; author of "The Open Polar Sea," "An Arctic Boat Journey," "Cast Away in the Cold," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This book is the result of an expedition undertaken in the interest of his art by Bradford, the well-known marine painter, with a party of friends, to that dismal region which an old navigator once aptly christened the "Land of Desolation." To this party belonged our historian, Dr. Hayes of Arctic fame; and the circumstances under which the vessel reached this bleak and inhospitable coast so vividly reminded him of the ominous name bestowed on it three centuries before, that he concluded to retain it. The most interesting part of the work is perhaps that which treats of the settlements made along the shore, in the ninth and tenth centuries, by the Icelanders. The rise, progress, and decline of these early colonies have always been a puzzle to the learned, and they still form one of the strangest episodes in human history. A whole people dropped, as it were, out of the cognizance of the world, and nothing but a few ruins now indicate that they have ever existed. The most authoritative accounts of this lost nation are those for which we are indebted to Professor Raft, under the auspices of the Society of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen, as well as the labors of the expedition under Graal, made by directions of the Danish Government. Drawings and plans of the ruined churches and other edifices, which were published then, receive further confirmation in the similar representations contained in the book of Dr. Hayes, who not only also recounts the strange story of the extinction of the settlements, but those adventurous voyages recorded in the Sagas, which give to the whole question a specific American interest. Whether the Vinland and Markland of the old colonists were really our New England coast, and whether the pre-

Columbian discovery theory be true or not, this is not the place to discuss. At the same time, we must admit that the affirmative view on both points is steadily gaining adherents among the archaeologists, and more especially since Agassiz has shown that the outline of the Cape Cod peninsula once presented a configuration similar to that described in the Sagas.

As a contribution to geographical science the present book has no absolute value, but this is not the author's fault. The last three years have made such rapid progress in Arctic discovery, and especially in relation to our knowledge of Greenland, that Dr. Hayes's information now possesses little interest. Since Bradford's trim steam-yacht ventured into these high northern latitudes, the German North Pole expedition has brought us news of the rich vegetable and animal life found under the 75th degree on the east coast of Greenland, which is all the more surprising when we remember that the southern portion of the coast, opposite to Iceland, is nearly always enclosed by the ice. It was in this ice that the "Hansa," one of the vessels of the expedition, went down. Still more astonishing are the discoveries made in the interior, which strongly indicate that Greenland is an Alpine country, traversed by very lofty mountain ranges, and not the almost uniformly level region it was hitherto believed to be. Deep fiords were met, and these could be followed so far inland as to render it doubtful whether they are not channels of the sea extending to the west coast, in which case Greenland would in reality be a group of islands. Connected with this variously-shaped formation of the soil and development of coast-line, is the rich vegetable and animal life observed from the seaboard far up to the foot of the mountains. Herds of reindeer and of the bison — the latter of which has been supposed confined to the far American north — and a number of smaller animals, were discovered and hunted. Indeed, if all the latest reports which reach us from that part of the world should be confirmed, our maps will have to undergo an entire alteration. An immense region now set down as solid and perpetual ice may have to be obliterated.

In a literary point of view, Dr. Hayes's last performance is not quite equal to some of his earlier writings, especially that perilous boat-journey, when he was a member of Dr. Kane's party. There is a certain straining for effect, and at times a forced humor, that strike the reader as out of place, and detract greatly from the pleasure which the descriptive passages would otherwise confer. The strange and solitary life in those frigid regions, the forbidding aspect of nature, and the dangers which beset those who penetrate the Arctic circle, render the author's occasional levity exceedingly distasteful and irrelevant.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. L. Tyerman, author of "The Life and Times of the Rev. S. Wesley, M.A., Father of Revs. J. and C. Wesley." In 3 vols. Vols. I., II. New York: Harper & Bros. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Since Southey wrote his life of Wesley, which was so sharply criticised by Macaulay for lacking philosophic penetration, a good deal of new matter has been discovered, and especially in relation to that narrow escape from an ill-assorted marriage. But though many writers have tried to give us a new and popular account of one of the greatest moulders of men's lives and opinions, none appear to have been quite equal to a task which presents, as we shall presently explain, peculiar difficulties. Under these circumstances it was not surprising that the work should finally have been taken in hand by the biographer of the reformer's father, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, of Epworth; for the one theme unavoidably suggested the other. In the life of the elder Wesley, Mr. Tyerman — the author of the book before us — had recommended himself to public favor by the comparative newness of the detail and his treatment of the subject matter. If the record of the son's life should not meet with equal success, it will be mainly owing to obstacles and difficulties which we can expect few writers entirely to overcome. A subject so much written about requires, of course, the highest literary skill in the treatment; and this is what Mr. Tyerman unfortunately lacks. The disclosure of great novelty

might have been some compensation; and he seems to feel sometimes under the necessity of adding to the present sufficiency of knowledge more than the interest will bear. Another fault is that Mr Tyerman is deficient in the faculty of condensation. The two volumes in octavo, which are already published, are to be followed by one more; and the letters of such an earnest man as Wesley are rarely of any material assistance to a biographer who wishes to relieve the monotony of the same tale over and over again with the pictures of a diversified mind.

The charm of Wesley's mind was quite distinct from anything that can divert. The power by which he attracted others to him and compelled their allegiance, was something very unlike what is commonly called fascinating. It was rather some subtle expression of a great administrative power. He made himself the lord of a great hierarchy, if indeed he was not the entire embodiment of it. One of his biographers implies a regret that Wesley had not been born in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, so fitted seemed he to found a great order and take rank with Francis and Dominic.

RELIEF: A Humorous Drama. By a Chicago Lady. Chicago: The University Publishing Company.

Since the "Great Fire," life in Chicago has had many unique and peculiar phases; and the author of "Relief" has seized upon some of the most salient of these as the groundwork of her little play. The obvious satire of the work is not so much upon the administration of "Relief" the past winter, as upon a certain portion of the recipients thereof;—although the former comes in for a few light touches. It abounds in effective and laughable "hits," which will be appreciated by all who have felt an interest (and who has not?) in the collecting and distribution of the "world's charity." Some of the best of these are the scene in Teddy O'Brien's cottage, where a festive group are having a glorious time over their "beggin's," and drinking copious draughts of whiskey to the "howly Relafe"; also the scene in Widow O'Bri-

en's kitchen, where the "widow" and her friend, Mrs. Flannigan, are interviewed by a visiting committee of the Ladies' Relief Society, who depart perfectly satisfied that the occupants of the house are "entitled to Relief," and recommend them to the Society accordingly. If any burlesque is recognized in the "Ladies' Relief Society" scene—where the members, with very feminine verbosity, spend a deal of time in noisy discussion upon wholly irrelevant matters, while the destitute candidates for their good offices wait in vague expectancy for the settlement of the question of "order" which will enable them to receive their supplies—it is atoned for in the eloquent vindication which the Relief work receives in the parlor dialogue between Mr. and Mrs. Warmheart.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NOTES, Explanatory and Practical, on the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, and the Epistle to the Galatians. By Albert Barnes, author of "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity." Revised Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

MUSIC AND MORALS. In Four Books. First Book—Philosophical; Second Book—Biographical; Third Book—Instrumental; Fourth Book—Critical. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Charles Duke Yonge, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast, author of a School History of England, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (Cobb, Andrews & Co., Chicago.)

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS. A Narrative of 1757. By J. Fenimore Cooper. New Edition. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (Cobb, Andrews & Co., Chicago.)

CECIL'S TRYST. A Novel. By the author of "Won—not Wooed," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

MABEL LEE. A Novel. By the author of "Valerie Aylmer." Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (Cobb, Andrews & Co., Chicago.)

RIGHTED AT LAST. A Novel. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (Cobb, Andrews & Co., Chicago.)